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AARON M. POWELL, *Editor.*
WENDELL PHILLIPS, *Special Editorial Contributor.*

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North Carolina Correspondence.

NO. IV.

THE REACTION.

To the Editor of the Standard:

It is an assertion constantly reiterated by men of almost every shade of political belief, that a political reaction has begun, and is now going on, in the minds of the American people. According to Conservative authority, the people are sickened of "nigger," "taxation," "equality," "loyal rule;" in short, justice applied to political questions. And to escape the omnipresent right and avoid commercial disaster, they are hurriedly crawfishing into the gaping maw of Democracy—that party which is never disturbed by questions of Right or Wrong, and whose acme of prosperity is only reached through the surges of financial ruin. To them it is a reaction from better to worse—from a higher to a lower political morality; a reaction which leads men to inquire upon every political question, not what is right, but what will best subserve the idea of a government designed especially for the white man. In short a reaction which is to substitute prejudice for conscience.

The moderately inclined, constitutionally timid portion of the Republican party, men who are willing enough to be right if they are sure they can win thereby, who worship present success beyond all other gods, insist that their Congressional leaders have been too fast, too radical; that the Republican party has got ahead of the people, and that a movement to the rear is necessary, to prevent it from destruction. The party wire-pullers have sounded a retreat, and the puppets all over the country are advancing backward, each in his own peculiar manner, as circumstances or inclination dictates. Some bolt with such ready impetuosity as to outstrip their leaders and get into the very camp of Democracy, while they are yet dallying with the pickets. Others slowly and painfully drag themselves over the hindrances which time and their own efforts have placed in the backward pathway. Others, having burned their ships, have no recourse but to plunge boldly into the sea of inconsistency, only to be hopelessly choked by their own utterances. The whippers-in of every aspirant for the Republican Presidential nomination having the same theory of reaction in mind, are peculiarly anxious to establish the fact that *their* man is moderate, or at least not offensively radical, insisting at the same time that the recent reaction (at the North, as our Southern trigger-workers are fond of saying) utterly forbids all hope for the election of an ultra Radical. This reaction, then, according to the timid Republicans, is of the same nature as is claimed by the Conservatives, only a little less decided in its character. Instead of substituting prejudice for conscience, they only propose to make success the test in all political questions.

Upon this principle, a man who never expressed a political belief in all his life, and one of whose chief merits is, that the most persistent quiz could never yet find out with which party even his sympathies lay, and who cannot be proven by any act or utterance to be good or bad, Radical or Conservative, man or mouse, is claimed to be the most feasible candidate for the Republican party in the coming struggle; and for the same reasons the mouths of other candidates are closed, lest they should utter some radical truth to interfere with their chances of nomination. These moderate Republicans, who dream so constantly of the horrors of reaction, whose timid souls can see only defeat in the future, unless half the fruits of the past six years of warfare is given up to the enemy, are very fond of saying, especially to colored men, and to our Southern Unionists, when they are inclined to murmur at the chaff which is offered to them, "You know our only hope is in the Republican party." As if the people were not greater than the party! As if it were not the party which was dependent upon them, rather than they upon the party! The Republican theory of the "Reaction" is, that the masses of the people, or at least of that party, have pronounced against manhood suffrage and loyal reconstruction, and that now, in order to save the party from defeat, we must perpetrate another Brobdignagian lie. We must have a candidate who shall be all things to all men, and a platform which is ditto. To the newly enfranchised "brother of the African persuasion," in North Carolina, the Republican party must stand forth still as the champion of "Liberty and Equality," the sanctified agency through which freedom came to those in bondage, while to the jaundiced negrophobist in Ohio, it must be represented as only having given a little to the colored man from necessity, and as very willing to revoke that little upon a reasonable opportunity. And this Janus-visaged party is now tried to be foisted on North and South alike, upon the special plea that the reaction in public sentiment at the North renders it imperatively necessary.

Now, the whole theory on which this outcry of "Reaction" is based is deceptive and false. There has been no reaction *among the people* in reference to the great principles now at issue. They gave their verdict, and sent it into the court of final appeal, sealed with the blood of hundreds of thousands of their sons. You might as well expect the tide of Niagara to reverse its flow, as to expect them to set aside that verdict. And as for us of the South, black or white, we had rather be killed than commit suicide. If our throats must be cut, we don't care about handling the cleaver. There is no reaction here, and will not be in our day, among the party of freedom and justice.

"But," says the objector, "there has been some change in the political world—you cannot deny that; for the elections show it unmistakably." Evidently there has been a change, and for lack of a better appreciation of its true character, it has been generally denominated a *reaction*. And because there could not possibly be any reaction or advance in the Conservative party, it being at the best only a sort of political backwater, it was at once concluded that it must of necessity be a retrograde movement among the rank and file of the Republican party.

Here is the mistake. What we see to-day is *not reaction, but the effects of reaction*, and the reaction itself is not of the present, but of the past, and was not a revulsion in sentiment among the rank and file of the party, but a reaction in policy among its leaders. It began as soon as the business of the war was over, when Lee and Johnston had surrendered, and Abraham Lincoln had been borne to his prairie tomb. It was first fully developed—so far as the writer knows at least—at the Loyalist Convention in Philadelphia, in September, 1866, and was the result of the most egregious stupidity on the part of the recognized leaders of the Republican party. It is resulting now just as every clear-headed and sound-hearted Radical in that Convention prophecied that it would, either in the death or thorough reformation of the party.

The Republican party in 1861 was compelled to put itself in array against rebellion. Its very existence depended on the putting down of that war against the Union. The people were opposed to rebellion because it was a great wrong, and the consequences a still greater wrong. The enormity of the crime of rebellion, the fearful wickedness on which it was based, was so apparent that its contemplation often made the boor a hero. To the leaders of the party its suppression was a political necessity, to the people a holy duty; and when it could no longer be hidden, but was evident to all that the deeply seared conscience of the people was at last touched, that they were determined to right the wrong of the past, that the long slumbering crater showed sigs of life—*then* the Republican party, mindful for the first time of the maxim that "Honesty is the best policy," concluded to adopt the role of Peter the Hermit, and preach the crusade against rebellion, on the grounds of its justice and righteousness.

Its leaders approached the limits of the crater doubtfully, and began to stir the seething mass within very carefully. Nobody was to be hurt—nothing disturbed. Love for the "erring sisters" was too strong in their hearts to allow more than a big scare. The fire in the great crater flashed and flamed. They warmed to their work and patted one another gleefully, exclaiming, "See what a fire *we* have builded." By-and-by the flames grew hotter and began to burn the hay-straw hobby of the sanctity of slavery which some of them bestrode; and then some tried to put out the fire by blowing on it, as they would cool a plate of soup. But others saw that the sanctified hobby must burn, and they would be burned too if they tried to hinder it. So they deserted the hobby, and as they had before cried, "Down with rebellion!" so they now cried, "Down with rebellion and slavery!" and they punched away at the seething mass within the crater, thinking all the time that the great flame which swept the length and breadth of our land and licked up the chaff with which the harvests of ninety years had cumbered the soil's threshing-floor, was a thing of their own creation!

Unconsciously to itself, the Republican party at the commencement of the war rose to the dignity of a party of right against wrong, of justice against expediency, of principle against policy. Accident offered it this character, and an overwhelming necessity compelled its acceptance. It was successful during the war simply because this was its character. It inaugurated a new school of political thought in our nation. "Right or wrong" was made the test question upon all political issues. The issues presented were mostly those of direct and apparent right against unmistakable wrong. The people supported the right because it *was* right and they were true. In so doing they supported the Republican party, because it happened to be on the side of right, and not right because it was on the side of the Republican party.

This fact the leaders of that party have never yet apprehended. They regard that mighty exhibition of popular conscience which sustained and carried on the war, as a pleasant humbug, and its rallying cry—Justice, Liberty and Humanity—as one of the most successful tubs ever thrown to that great whale, the people. This was the miserable folly and mistake of the Republican leaders during the war. They thought that they, through the agency of the Republican party, had created the spirit which saved the country from destruction. The contemplation of this imaginary feat has so absorbed the energies of the party leaders, that the Republican members of Congress have had room for but little beside self-gratulation since the close of the war. They flatter themselves with the belief—comfortable, though false—that they are and have been, constantly "ahead of the people." Well does the writer recollect the quiet assumption with which, at the Philadelphia Convention, one of our well-fed M. C.'s folded his hands over his abdominal developments, and said to him, "We were ahead of the people. If we had not stirred up the people constantly the rebellion could never have been put down. The Republicans in Congress were the leaders of the people as the generals were of the army." The writer was one of "the people," and the smoke had scarcely settled about Sumter in 1861 before he had entered the service of the United States to put down rebellion. As he sat and talked with this sleek "leader of the people," he was a scarred and crippled veteran. He wondered if this "leader" thought that his listener was one of those whom he had stirred up, or who needed his stirring up. And yet he knew that the vast body of the people were as earnest upon this matter as himself, and this idea of being "ahead of the people" was an illusion very flattering to the vanity of our Radical Congressmen, but by no means complimentary to their discernment.

From this blindness sprung the only actual political reaction which has taken place since the war—a reaction not in the sentiments of the people, but in the policy of the leaders of the Republican party. Having no confidence in the conscience of the people, regarding the war itself as a sort of campaign document for the Republican party, when it was finally over, they adopted another policy. Before the war every party was Janus-faced, one visage gaping toward the North, the other facing towards the Gulf. It was supposed that the people only supported the right when carefully wheedled into so doing by some cunning policy. Many of the leaders of the Republican party were trained in this ante-war school and were no doubt skilled in the mystery of harmonizing the needs of slavery and freedom, in catering at once for North and South successfully. They are men who, having once become settled to one mode of action, can adopt no other. As soon, therefore, as the war was over, they considered that the special pleading of the Republican party was at an end. It would not do any longer to press any political measure because it was absolutely and essentially just, but the dose of righteousness must be sugared over with a coat of policy, or, in other words, covered with a lie. The Republican party had dealt with truths during the war, it must do so no more. The people must be deceived into its support. This was the *reaction*.

In accordance with this policy the political campaign of 1866 was builded on that matchless lie, the Howard Amendment, as a finality in reconstruction. Every one knew that it must be either a shameless lie, or an absolute surrender and betrayal of all the rights of the colored men of the South, not excepting those who had fought against rebellion. This was the first fruit of the *reaction* which has periled the life of the Republican party. From that day to this it has lost ground. If they had taken the suffrage issue when first presented, and stood squarely upon it as a matter of intrinsic right, they would have been triumphantly sustained. The people would have accepted it as a right, but as a means of strengthening the Republican party they care nothing about it.

This change of policy, from What is Right to What will Win, at first puzzeled the people. They could not understand why certain evidently just and proper measures did not meet the support of the Republican leaders. The fact has, however, at length forced itself upon very many of the most active and valuable men of the country, that our Republican Congressmen are more anxious about re-electing each other than about reconstructing the government, more concerned in the election of a President than in doing justice to all.

The latest exhibition of this anxiety is in reference to the Conventions now in session in the late rebel States. Even at this time a delegation of Republican lobbyists from Washington are said to be at Richmond to prevent the Virginia Constitutional Convention doing anything which might prejudice the Republican party. It makes no difference what may be the needs of the people in these States, the Republican party and its interests are paramount. It must be saved though the liberties of the people are left unprotected. Much of the legislation which it is thus sought to smother is not only very just and proper, but absolutely essential to the future peace and prosperity of the states concerned.

Again the "reaction" cry, striking as it does the little remaining courage from the hearts of the thimble-riggers of the party, has developed a sudden and pressing necessity for relieving a large portion of the present excluded classes from disability. In so doing it is not proposed to afford specific relief to men who ought not to have been disfranchised at the first, but to offer a reward for party work in the matter of reconstruction. There are many men here who, according to the letter of the acts, are disfranchised, but who were as good Union men during the entire war as the South could show, yet after it was over honestly differed with the policy of Congress upon the matter of Reconstruction. These men were disfranchised upon the hypothesis that they had been disloyal to the United States, and in all cases where the reverse can be shown are of course entitled to relief from disabilities by Congress. These, however, are not the men whom it is proposed by the "Reactionists" to relieve, but those who have done party-work, those who were shrewd enough to foresee the success of the party and ally themselves with it in good time. It is said these men "must be rewarded," that they have "condoned their offences," etc. As if work done for the Republican party, with prospect of fat offices in view, could condone an offence against the government of the United States!

These are a few of the measures which, if persevered in for a while longer, if forced upon the Republican party to avoid the fancied terrors of "Reaction," will most certainly react upon the minds of all just and patriotic men and sound the knell of Republicanism.

The only way to save it alive, is to come back to the standard of Right and Wrong, stand squarely upon the principles of Justice, and select a Presidential candidate who shall represent them positively. A double-faced candidate will complete its ruin.

WINEGAR.

THE PRESIDENTIAL QUESTION.

LETTER FROM COL. CHARLES E. MOSS.

WASHINGTON, D. C., December 24, 1867.

To the Editor of the Standard:

The Presidential question is now exciting considerable attention in different parts of the Union. The friends of the different candidates are busy at work manipulating public opinion. Thus far the friends of Gen. Grant have seemingly had the advantage over all competitors. That advantage has been more seeming than real, and the movement in his favor is now dwindling into a magnificent failure. That failure is occasioned by the uncertainty of his position, and the resolute determination of the Radical element of the Republican organization not to permit the nomination of any man by the Republican party as a candidate for the Presidency whose past life and political action are not "irreversible guarantees" of fidelity to Radical ideas. So strong is that determination manifesting itself on the part of the true men of the party—the men who care more for the ideas that are carried into the White House, than for the person selected to occupy it—that the Grant men are greatly alarmed.

The disinclination to support the General is rapidly extending itself to the Grand Army of the Republic. That order has heretofore been considered strongly in the Grant interest. The friends of the General have heretofore counted upon his nomination by means of his popularity with the members of that organization. Those members are pretty generally Radicals, and bitterly opposed to the policy of President Johnson. They desired the impeachment of the President, and to see traitors punished and treason made odious. The course of the General relative to impeachment, and his testimony before the Judiciary Committee, has damaged him in the estimation of the soldiers. They believe the reason why he and his particular friends opposed the impeachment of the President, was the fear of injuring his prospects for a nomination by the Republican party. Thus thinking and thus believing, they are unwilling to trust him the next four years in the White House.

Another reason is now beginning to operate powerfully upon the soldiery against his nomination. Gen. Grant is regarded as an excellent soldier and a miserably poor statesman, and soldiers desire his retention at the head of the army. They do not seem willing to have him removed to a position he cannot possibly fill with credit to himself and those who elect him. The nation will do well to regard that opinion of those who know him well and even truly appreciate his true worth.

In addition to political reason growing out of his course relative to impeachment, and the treatment of rebels, there are some facts relative to appointments and his administration that are not calculated to aid him in a Presidential race. Major Isaac Lynde, of the Regular Army, is said to be the father-in-law of Mr. Dent, Gen. Grant's brother-in-law. Major Lynde was dropped from the army on the 15th of November, 1861, by President Lincoln, for surrendering to a greatly inferior force of half-organized and armed rebels. The Army Register of 1862 says he was dropped from the roll, November 15th, 1861. He remained out of service until July 28th, 1866, over one year after Lee's surrender. He was then restored to service and retired from active duty. The official Army Register of 1867, on page 99, states as follows: "Out of service November 15th, 1861; restored to service as Major of the 18th Infantry July 28th, 1866." Thus he is pensioned upon the government for life for a deed that caused him to be dropped from the rolls in 1861 by President Lincoln. Many a gallant soldier who fought through the war and never surrendered to an inferior force, and was never dropped from the rolls of the army, is just uncharitable enough to insinuate that Gen. Grant had Major Lynde restored to service because he is father-in-law of his brother-in-law. Had Mr. Fessenden thus reinstated an officer dropped from the rolls it might have been natural to attribute that action to some such motive, but as Gen. Grant is a candidate for President, and in the training of the immaculate Washburne, and "the only man capable of saving the nation," we must conclude such insinuations destitute of foundation.

There are other matters connected with the official conduct of Gen. Grant that cause loyal people in the South to ask some rather hard questions, and indulge in uncomplimentary remarks about him. It is stated and generally admitted that he furnished guns, cannon, caissons, etc., for the use of the Virginia Institute, under the charge of Gen. Robert E. Lee, and returned to that institute the "old Cadet Battery" taken from it. For that favor, it is said, thanks were voted the General by the institution. The Virginia Institute, we all know, is far from loyal to the government, and the young men there educated are taught to look upon the National government as an oppressor, and wait a favorable opportunity to overthrow it. To be sure Gen. Grant, in speaking of Lee, Johnston and Forrest, declared they "were now truly honest and loyal in their adherence to the Union, and were seeking to strengthen it." He also in the summer of 1865 pronounced the rebel States reconstructed and fit for admission to the Union, when loyal men and freedmen were destitute of protection, and subjected to every species of persecution and indignity from those entrusted with power, and that too without means of redress. All these things the loyal men of the South recollect, and in spite of all that can be said in explanation, they will insist that no person is fit to be the Radical nominee for President who declared in 1865 the rebel States fit for readmission to the Union under the Johnson governments, and endorsed the loyalty of the hero of the Fort Pillow massacre, and loaned arms, cannon, etc., to an institution under charge of rebels, supported by rebels, and designed to educate rebels, and in which young men are instructed to look upon the National government as their oppressor. They also declare their belief that the General would not have done as much for a truly loyal institute under the charge of a truly loyal Southern man, and supported by loyal men, and designed for the education of loyal men. They say, too, he never took pains to declare that any of the men of the South who were persecuted for devotion to the Union "were now truly honest and loyal in their adherence to the Union," and that at the very time he was endorsing the rebels, loyal Southern men were in vain appealing to him for protection. These things are subjects of comment all over the South, and are having their influence upon the voters.

Another fact is also operating against the General all over the South. In his testimony before the Judiciary Committee he admits that he opposed the punishment of rebels. The loyal men have suffered great tribulation from the persecutions of disloyal men, and do not much relish voting for a man for President who admits he was the cause of those men escaping the punishment due their crimes. This recommendation of Lee and other prominent rebels for pardon does not help him much. Then, too, Northern men remember Clement C. Clay is compromised with the plots and conspiracies along the Northern borders during the war, and they ask with some degree of force why they should support a man for President who interposed his influence and power to save such a man from trial and punishment by recommending a pardon. And these things are all being talked about, and very properly, too. They should be criticised and brought to the attention of the people before the nominating convention, so as to enable that body to act wisely in selecting a standard-bearer for the ensuing contest.

In addition to the unsound position of the General, the course now being pursued by the papers in his interest and his admitted special friends is not much calculated to unite the Radical element in his support. In the first place, his friends place him in a conservative position, and support him because, as they say, he will make his administration conservative when elected. It is a fact no one can for one moment dispute, that Thurlow Weed, Raymond, and every doubtful, timid, half-hearted Republican who has for the last four years opposed radicalism, and endeavored to commit the Republican organization to Mr. Johnson and his policy, is a strong Grant man. It is equally true that the earnest, outspoken Radicals of the nation are opposed to him. It is equally true that the members of his family and those most intimate with him declare he is opposed to universal suffrage, and will, if elected, prove conservative. In fact, the only reason his friends urge to induce Radicals to nominate him is, that no Radical can be elected. They say the only way left open for the defeat of the Democratic party in 1868 is for the Republican party to run Grant on the platform of availability and the abandonment of colored suffrage in the Northern States. Such are the reasons urged in favor of his nomination by those who are laboring to bring it about.

It may be well for Radicals to count the cost of Grant's nomination on a platform of availability, abandoning universal suffrage in the Northern States. A nomination brought about at such a cost will lose the Republican party the vote of the Radical element. That element understands and knows well a representative Radical can be elected in 1868, if nominated by the Republican party, much easier than Gen. Grant. It is much easier for that organization to elect either Chase, Butler, Fremont or Wade than it is the commander of the army, with all his pretended popularity. The ten non-reconstructed States will be in the Union in season to vote at the next Presidential election. Those States have seventy electoral votes. Those votes will all be cast for a Radical. In addition to those States, no one can question but Maine, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Tennessee, Missouri, Michigan, Iowa, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Kansas, Nevada, West Virginia and Nebraska will also vote Radical, and would prefer a representative Radical candidate for President. Those States cast ninety-one votes, which, added to the seventy Southern votes makes one hundred and sixty-one votes sure for Chase, Butler, Fremont, or any other representative Radical nominee the Convention sees fit to elect.

That leaves for the Conservative side of the house New Hampshire, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, Ohio, Kentucky, Indiana, Illinois, California and Oregon, casting in all one hundred and fifty-five votes. Thus it will be seen there is no use whatever of lowering the Radical standard to carry New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio, as a Radical can be easily elected without the vote of either of those States. From the above calculation, any Radical will receive at least one hundred and sixty-one votes to the conservative candidate one hundred and fifty-five—a majority of six votes. Now, I appeal to any politician in the land to point out any error in the calculation. At any rate, no Republican will, for a moment dispute the correctness of the estimate or deny the States I have claimed as sure for a Radical candidate.

With such a state of facts existing, the Radicals are not disposed to yield the candidate to the Conservatives of the Raymond and Weed stripe. They understand the whole Grant movement to be a scheme gotten up in the interest of New York, Pennsylvania and Illinois, to enable those States to control the patronage of the next administration, and they are determined to defeat it. The Republican party will not be permitted to succeed on any other than an honest Radical platform, recognizing the absolute political and civil equality of all men, regardless of race or color, and the common brotherhood of all mankind. And that doctrine must be engrafted upon the politics and institutions of the States north of the Potomac; upon Pennsylvania as well as South Carolina. The day when parties can safely play the hypocrite and profess one thing and practice another, has passed and gone forever. The only method by which the seventy Southern votes can be secured for a Republican candidate is by that party adopting the platform of Universal Suffrage.

The newspapers in the interest of Gen. Grant seem determined to nominate their candidate at all hazards, or bolt the nominee of the Republican Convention. Thus the Syracuse *Journal* declares the nomination of Chase by the votes of Southern States would be an outrage the people of the North will not submit to, and if accomplished will be the cause of the friends of Gen. Grant bolting and running him against the Republican nomination. The County *Post*, a paper published in Washington County, says the outrage of Chase's nomination by the National Republican Convention, will "be submitted to never." It declares that delegates elected by Southern negroes will not be permitted to select the candidate of the Republican party. "The end is not yet of the suffrage business," it says, and goes on to declare that "if the Republican party is treated to such a dose as seems to be threatened, the nausea sure to ensue will spew out more than Chief Justices." The dose mentioned is the permission of the delegates elected by negroes to participate in the proceedings of the National Convention. Such is the temper of the Grant Republicans, and such the language used by them relative to the Southern Radicals.

Those papers I admit are not leading metropolitan journals, but they speak the language now freely used by the Republicans who are conspicuous in the Grant movement. A gentleman connected with the most influential and extensively circulated Grant journal in the nation, and who is well versed in matters, declared to a friend in this city, on Tuesday of this week, that none of the Southern delegates would be admitted to the Convention, as the North were determined to make the nomination without any dictation from the South. He then went on to say those States would be kept out of the Union until after the meeting of the National Republican Convention.

It matters very little what course the friends of Gen. Grant may take in the matter. If they go into the Republican Convention determined to bolt if their favorite is not nominated, the Radicals will refuse to have any part or lot in the nomination or election of the candidates. If they go into the Convention and reject delegates from the non represented States, the same course will be pursued by the Radicals. If, however, they act fairly, and nominate their man on a good Radical platform, all will be well. One thing they will find out, and that is, that the Republican Convention will not be permitted to ignore the claims of every candidate except Ulysses S. Grant.

The Radicals can easily throw the next election into the House of Representatives in case Grant is the candidate, and they will do so unless fair play is had at Chicago. The worst that can grow out of such a proceeding will be the election of Gen. Grant, with the chances greatly in favor of the election of a genuine Radical. The friends of the General will do well to think of these things when threatening to bolt a Radical nomination. The Radicals can bolt as well as the Conservatives, and with ten-fold the chances of success.

Give us a Radical platform of liberty, equality, and the common brotherhood of all mankind, and all will be well in 1868.

CHARLES E. MOSS.

THE NATIONAL SITUATION.

BY CAROLINE F. PUTNAM.

Mazzini, the clear-souled patiot of Italy, declares, what every thoughtful mind sees, that the true life of a nation is the common *aim* to which its past tradition points, and which its present conscience confirms.

By this test the *life* of *America* is in its ruling idea, "Equal Rights for all men. All the good, vital forces of the country tend to realize this *aim*. And every act of either an individual or a body that departs from this aim, or works against it in the least, is evil.

The essential justice and patriotism of every public man and private citizen in the land is judged by this truth. Before the bar of this grand principle of humanity must come every social institution of Church and State. Whatever press or pulpit or political party is in any way false to it, is condemned. Up to this hour, no American Congress has been acquitted by it. Every President, even the martyrzed proclaimer of Emancipation, failed of baptism into its broad faith. He did not see that a black man has as good a right to be chosen President as he or any white man. The present Chief Magistrate is wholly traitorous to it, denying the right of any but "*white* men" to govern in this country. The "great military man" who may be our next President, has never told anybody, if he has a different mind or heart on this point from Andrew Johnson. Another military man who wants to be President rules in New Orleans, and denies the common right to sit on juries to every colored man, of whom there are hundreds his equals in character, education and fortune in that city. *Kansas*, the soil consecrated to liberty and equal rights by the blood of the sons of old John Brown, has just had her trial hour, and she *blackens* her young name by writing it beside bigoted Connecticut, no ballot-box for black men. *Ohio* bends her neck to the infamy of 60,000 majority on the side of Vallandigham.

Pennsylvania, New York and New Jersey dismay Republicans and delight the President by their elections. Even *Boston* chooses a Democratic Mayor. The XLth Congress is paralyzed—cowed out of all purpose to impeach Johnson—and *adjourns* in this perilous crisis.

The bad genius at the White House is left free to work what mischief he can, so glad as he is to help the rebels, and hinder loyal men, black or white, at the South. (Gen. Sheridan says the only loyal men *he* saw there had black faces.) So much for the *political* aspect that *opposes* the central idea—the polar thought—the nation's aim—the cause of justice for all—bought with the blood of so many martyrs, and the heroic living of Wendell Phillips, Charles Sumner and Thaddeus Stevens.

If we look to the great public religious missions, we are pained with the same servile policy that *doles* out charity and education and religious instruction to the freedman as a dependent, instead of demanding his rights as an equal, and using their vast machinery and power to insist on the means (land, and ballot and office,) being put into his hand of defending them. This is true of the Freedmen's Aid Societies, the great American Missionary Society, and others.

The Freedmen's Bureau, while it had a name and form of *office*, had no money or power that were at all adequate to the needs of the time. Do not misunderstand: not that there should be one dollar *less* given for books, clothes, teachers, food to the needy blacks; but that, added to these, every agent and paper that pleads for them through our churches and communities should urge the greatest need of all—exact justice, and equal, impartial civil rights. When the loyal colored people have *these*, all the rest will be included. They will not need your *charity*, but will be able and willing to contribute with you to the elevation of people more ignorant and unfortunate than themselves.

The newspaper press is one of the mighty influences which this inexorable principle of "no proscription for color under the American flag" must bring to its judgment seat. And what a record of vacillating, time-serving, self-seeking, compromising barter of the negro's rights the best of them have exhibited, since Johnson and Seward first began to reconstruct North Carolina—the *Herald* at times as bold as a lion for negro suffrage, and the *Tribune* timid as a hare about impeachment, and confiscation, and Mr. Sumner's plan of amending the Constitution to give equal suffrage in all the States.

Last May, when New York was charmed into decency by the eloquence of the Anti-Slavery platform, and had no special villany afloat, the *World*, the *Herald*, *Tribune* and *Independent* all read so much alike that Sojourner Truth wondered where the Democratic papers were! The *Times* and the *Post* have taken turns at accusing Mr. Phillips of "the sublimity of impudence," and "the presumption of brutal insolence," because *he* never faltered in proclaiming over every interest of party the nation's instant obligation to see every loyal black man secured in his fundamental rights, because his faithful voice has never ceased to warn the nation that so long as these were withheld, "the South was victorious." The November elections—Johnson's disgraceful "white man's" message—Congress not daring to impeach him—the atrocious outrages still visited upon the hapless victim-race from Kentucky to Texas—all witness to the terrible hate and prejudice of the negro with which the land reeks. Loyal Leagues and Republican papers, with professions still warm on their lips that "the colored race has a plain natural right to political equality," are fast dropping on their knees to support a man for the Presidency who has never given them a pledge or an opinion that he wills, or *wishes* even, or has any idea at all in harmony with the only just and true idea of American civilization—"Equality of all men" in civil and political rights. He did once testify to black men making as good *soldiers* as anybody.

FLORIDA.

COLORED JURORS.

ST. AUGUSTINE, Fla., Dec. 17, 1867.

The U. S. District and Circuit Courts for Northern Florida, Judge Fraser presiding, adjourned today. Seventeen colored men and six whites were drawn on the Grand Jury. Although drawn promiscuously from the registered voters of three counties, 14 out of the 17 colored men could read, and six could both read and write. Judge Fraser complimented the Grand Jury as the most attentive, intelligent, and industrious body of persons which had assembled in many years. The foreman reported that he had sat upon no jury distinguished for better order and decorum in the jury room, or who better realized the responsibility of their duties. The counsel for the prisoners, Martin and Gill, confined in Fort Marion, awaiting trial for the murder of a negro, Aaron, last year, attempted to procure a habeas corpus on a plea of want of jurisdiction. The motion was denied. The trial takes place next June in the U. S. Circuit Court, under the Civil Rights bill.

VIRGINIA.

BRUTAL MURDER OF A NEGRO AT HAMPTON—THE MURDERER ATTACKED BY A MOB.

FORTRESS MONROE, Dec. 25.

About one o'clock this afternoon, Thomas Lattimer, Deputy Sheriff at Elizabeth City county, who resides in Hampton, had some difficulty with a colored boy, some ten or twelve years old, and a colored man came along and took the boy's part. Lattimer was considerably under the influence of liquor at the time, and, after abusing the negro a few minutes, deliberately pulled out a revolver and shot him through the head. His wounds were dressed by Dr. McLaughlin, and, although he still lives, but little hopes are entertained for his recovery.

As soon as Lattimer shot the negro he went into the house and locked himself in. The news among the freedmen spread rapidly, and soon a crowd of them began to assemble about Lattimer's house. Some of the citizen, fearing a riot, endeavored to quell the excitement, but seemingly to no purpose. The Riot Act was then read, but before it was finished stones were hurled through the windows, and a rush was made for Lattimer's house. He endeavored to escape by jumping through a window, but was met by the mob and beaten almost to death. He was saved by the interference of two or three colored men, who carried him through the crowd to the jail.

The riot lasted half an hour. Guns, pistols, and stones were used freely, and several persons, noncombatants, were injured. Dr. Hope is reported to have been shot while dressing the wounds of a colored man, but his wound is not serious. As soon as the riot commenced a messenger was dispatched to the military post, about a mile distant, and a guard was at once sent to quell the disturbance.

IMPEACHMENT.

From the Manhattan (Kansas) Independent.

The resolution for the impeachment of the President was very unceremoniously and by a very large majority tabled. The news of this action will cause profound regret to those who have been the soul and the support of the Republican party. It really seems as if Congress was bent on the destruction of the party. By its vascilating course it has weakened its moral power, and has done

DEFECTIVE ORIGINAL COPY

more to hasten its dissolution than it was in the power of ten Andrew Johnsons to do. Congress has betrayed its trust no less than the President. From the day of his inauguration the President has deserved impeachment, and it has been a disgrace and a humiliation to the nation that the only power that could relieve us from the degradation, had not the moral courage to do its duty. The sun of the Republican party has passed its zenith, and if the present policy of its leaders shall prevail, its power to sustain itself or restore the Union in justice will soon be gone forever.

Andrew Johnson will construe this action of Congress as an evidence of fear of him, and he will be more insolent and arbitrary than ever. But it was not fear of the President that prevented impeachment, but the fear that such an action might lessen the chances in the next Presidential contest.

Reconstruction, human rights and even the honor of the nation are all to be sacrificed to party success in the coming conflict for party rule. The history of the Whig party should teach the most shallow pated politician in the land that this course is suicidal in the extreme. It gave up its distinctive principles to elect Gen. Taylor President, and it could never assert them again. The Republican party appears to be on the brink of doing the same thing. The only thing that can save it from the same fate will be defeat in the contest. When a party sacrifices its principles for party rule, it ought to die, and will. If the Conservative element is to rule the party, the only course for the Radicals to pursue, is to bolt, and we dont care how soon they do it. A timely effort in that direction might arrest the fatal course now being pursued.

THE ENGLISH PRESS ON JOHNSON.

LONDON, Dec. 7, 1867.

SUCH a chorus of contemptuous criticism as Mr. Johnson's message evokes from the English press has not been elicited by a public document for many a day. The Cable brought us half a column summary, making a dispatch twenty times longer than had before been transmitted from America to the London journals. There is a singular unanimity of opinion in regard to this document. Once Mr. Johnson was hailed by the Tory press as the legitimate successor of Mr. Jefferson Davis. Now there is not one paper so poor as to do him reverence. The penny Tory organ, the *Standard*, remarks with a sniff that the message seems to be "only a new edition, with few additions and excisions, of the one last year." The *Telegraph* thinks it "much less interesting than the announcement of Mr. Charles Dickens's first reading at Boston." The *Times* discusses more gravely the menace of the President to resist any constitutional proceedings to remove him. He "had a great opportunity, but appears as defiant and as tenacious of his preconceived opinions as ever. No representative of a long line of European kings, educated amid all the traditions of servility, could show less aptitude for learning." His language is that "of a partisan rather than of a dignified magistrate." In his threat to resist Congress he "transcends himself in imprudence.

"It is impossible to exaggerate the imprudence of such a declaration in the face of the United States. It would provoke, if anything could, the very policy thus violently threatened: and men of sober sentiments, who had never dreamt of destroying the independence of the executive government, might, upon seeing the pretensions which the Presidential power can generate, deem it prudent to abolish it altogether.

"The Impeachment Committee might find in the announcement that the President is prepared forcibly to resist a change of the Constitution, should it assume a particular direction, more solid justification of the procedure they contemplate than they could ever have hoped."

The *Saturday Review* considers that—

"The President's recommendation on the Reconstruction acts shall be repealed is simply extravagant. * * * The only interest which attaches to the message is derived from the indications which it affords of his present intentions; and a threat which he holds out proves that, though he had apparently profited by the checks which he formerly received, the recent successes of the Democratic party have encouraged him to fresh acts of imprudence."

All the journals above quoted are journals bitterly hostile to the Republican party—all of them once the eulogists, and more lately the apologists of Mr. Johnson. You see what they are now. It is to be said of the *Times*, however, that it seems to be turning a corner, and has recently printed two articles on American affairs of a tone very unlike its wonted bitterness. The Liberal journals, I need scarcely add, condemn the President unsparingly. The *News* long since repented of its early mistake in upholding him against the Republican party in the beginning of 1866. Even the *Spectator*, which a fortnight ago thought nobody but Mr. Johnson understood the situation, now thinks that this message "will give the finishing stroke to his reputation as a statesman," and likens him to Stuart, Bourbon, and Hapsburg, all in a single sentence. It believes that for the first time impeachment has become probable.—*George W. Smalley, in the N. Y. Tribune.*

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 4, 1868.

THE THIRTY-FOURTH

National Anti-Slavery Subscription Anniversary.

THE managers of the National Anti-Slavery Subscription Anniversary summon their friends to another effort in behalf of that race for whose welfare so many years' labor has been given. This Thirty-fourth Anniversary will be held in Horticultural Hall, Boston, on Wednesday, January 22d, 1868. The aim, as heretofore, will be to give the AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY the means to continue its operations, and especially to sustain the publication of the NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

Surely if there rested in any mind the slightest doubt whether our continued exertions in the old channels are needed, the events of the last three months must have dispelled it.

We see the President of the United States planting himself on the old idea of a white man's government, an idea which the nation has fought five years to crush. He upholds the policy of recognizing races and regulating our laws according to the supposed qualities of each—thus ignoring the cardinal principle of the civilization of which he is the official head. The negro is to be very graciously protected by the pity of the white man—not by granting him his rights or putting into his hands the means of defending them. We are not to treat him as an equal, but to dole out charity to him as a dependent.

This revival of old prejudice, this quickening of old feuds, is regarded by one-half the nation as sound statesmanship. The announcement of this creed in his Message has so strengthened the President's position that Congress dares not venture to impeach him. Such has been the criminal indifference and huckstering policy of the Republican leaders that, at length, the people themselves are, in some degree, confused and demoralized. An empty and servile press echoes the treason, and, if such a thing were possible, one might fear we were drifting back into the hateful and angry struggles which disgraced the Nation before the war.

While Congress fears to impeach a President confessedly guilty of high crimes, the great leaders of the Republican party seem ready timidly to hide themselves behind the fame of a successful soldier, with no pledge or claim that he shall support the policy which alone has led us to victory—the policy of exact justice and impartial civil rights. The North—Ohio, Connecticut, and the West—reeks with the old hate of the negro, and by fresh action pledges itself against him.

Doubtless there was an hour when all this could have been prevented. That golden opportunity—that moment, when the people, far ahead of their leaders, besought them to "go forward"—was allowed to pass away. Earnest, devoted, strenuous effort is needed to regain, if possible, another such; at least to rally the Nation afresh to its duty.

Believing that the whole duty of the Abolitionists will not be done, nor the pledges of the Anti-Slavery movement redeemed, until the idea of race is eliminated from our civil life, until color is no proscription anywhere under the flag—and seeing with what a slender tie the dominant party is bound to this idea, and how ready the leaders are to loose it, we feel that every word we can utter and every effort we can make is needed *now*, before the great choice of next year, to secure all that can yet be saved of the harvest for which our husbands, sons and brothers gave their lives.

The eyes of the civilized world are upon us. The dead who gave their lives for justice claim of us a like devotion in this great cause. Let every one—those whom long years of toil have consecrated to this work and those whom present emergencies have baptized into it—let all rally with a fresh enthusiasm to sustain our Society by their personal activity and their pecuniary contributions. We need both. It is only by the labor of many hands so great a work can be done. For a hapless race now passing through a most perilous hour, we beg of all friends their utmost exertions. This last, this critical hour, when so much may be lost or that final seal set which secures all, let us unite in a strenuous effort to make the most of the opportunity bought with the blood of so many martyrs.

Those not able to be present to aid on this occasion and listen to the appeals of the zealous and tried laborers in our cause, may send their contributions to R. P. HALLOWELL, Esq., No. 98 Federal street, Boston, Mass. or to any of the managers resident in Boston.

ABBY KELLEY FOSTER, Worcester, Mass.
LYDIA MARIA CHILD, Wayland, Mass.
LUCRETIA MOTT, Pennsylvania.
SARAH SHAW RUSSELL, Boston, Mass.
LIDIAN EMERSON, Concord, Mass.
MARY GREW, Philadelphia.
ELIZABETH GAY, Staten Island, N. Y.
MARY E. SARGENT, Boston, Mass.
LYDIA D. PARKER, Boston, Mass.
CHARLOTTE L. FORTEN, Boston, Mass.
ANNA SHAW GREENE, Boston, Mass.
MRS. GEORGE L. STEARNS, Medford, Mass.
MARY M. BROOKS, Concord, Mass.
SALLIE HOLLEY, New York.
HANNAH B. SPOONER, Plymouth, Mass.
CAROLINE C. THAYER, Boston, Mass.
ANN GREENE PHILLIPS, Boston, Mass.
CAROLINE M. SEVERANCE, Newton, Mass.
MATTIE GRIFFITH BROWNE, Boston, Mass.
MARTHA LE BARON GODDARD, Worcester, Mass.
EMELINE T. SMITH, Cambridgeport, Mass.
ANNA D. HOLLOWELL, Medford, Mass.
SARAH COWING, Weymouth, Mass.
JENNIE G. GREENE, Milton, Mass.
ARMENIA S. WHITE, Concord, N. H.
RUTH BUFFUM, Lynn, Mass.
CAROLINE R. PUTNAM, Italy.
SARAH BRADFORD, Roxbury, Mass.
REBECCA BRADFORD, Roxbury, Mass.
SARAH J. NOWELL, Cambridgeport, Mass.
SARAH P. REMOND, Italy.
MARGARET P. SNOW, Fitchburg, Mass.
HARRIET W. SEWALL, Melrose, Mass.
EVELINA E. SLACK, Boston, Mass.
MARY C. SAWYER, Grantville, Mass.
SARAH H. SOUTHWICK, Grantville, Mass.
ABBY S. STEPHENSON, Jamaica Plain, Mass.
EDNAH D. CHENEY, Jamaica Plain, Mass.
ELIZABETH B. CHACE, Rhode Island.
ANNA TALBOT FAIRBANKS, Rhode Island.

DOUBLE-FACED.

THE Republican party is evidently trying to borrow a leaf from Democratic practice. It intends to enter the coming canvass with two faces, plans to ride two horses, with a fair chance of falling between the two. The late speech of Mr. Colfax, the resolution of the House affirming the present plan of reconstruction in all its details, with other pledges, are the Radical countenance of this double-faced policy; the eulogized reticence of General Grant is its conservative fellow. Prominent men of the party are allowed to air their eloquence to any extent. Pledges, on such platforms, are plenty as blackberries. So they were in the canvass of 1864. But here we stand to-day with Johnson; emphatic proof just how much such pledges are worth. This time the party goes one step further; the House of Representatives adds its indorsement. In July, 1861, the same House pledged itself not to touch slavery. Still they bowed to events and voted the Anti-Slavery constitutional amendment. Pledges even from that House are conditional.

These pledges, it is supposed, will gull the credulous Radicals and keep them in the ranks. Meanwhile Grant's non-committal will satisfy and bind the half Democratic element of the party, Weed, Fessenden, and Conkling.

But suppose the House vote not mere hypocrisy, still the real question is who is to be President, Grant or the House of Representatives? It is the President whose bias decides the action of government. The House cannot make a firmer pledge than it gave when it enacted the Civil Tenure bill. But Johnson tramples on it, and the firm-pledged House declines to resist or impeach. This picture of 1867 will be just as true of 1869. The successors of Stanton and Sickles will be wiser men than to ask, What does the House think? They will only busy themselves to know, what does Johnson think? So of our future. Actions are the best pledges. If the Republican party elects Grant, *he is its pledge*. Any one who wishes to calculate the action of the government, must be able to state Grant's force and orbit. The late pledge of the House must be taken as implying, "This we will do if the next President consents." Omitting this, it is an attempt to win votes by false pretences. The votes of Congress just now must be taken as the Presidential nominations of local Conventions are—"subject to the action of the next National Convention."

We urge every man, therefore to keep his eyes open, and not be lulled into dozy content by the glowing periods of Colfax or the imposing array of House resolves. It still remains true that *his* convictions who, more than any hundred other men, is to decide our fate, still remain a *riddle*. And the American people love to have it so. How often do we see worried and wearied inquirers after truth take refuge from thought in unreasoning submission to Catholic dogma, hide and rest themselves in the Pope's infallibility. Just so to-day, knaves seek to cheat the people with Grant, and some honest men accept the cheat as a refuge, at least from the anxiety of deciding for themselves.

Nothing was ever more fatal to confidence in a party than the present position of Stanton. Specially to protect and keep him in office the Civil Office Tenure act was enacted. Yet he has been ousted from the War Office, and though Congress has been in session some four weeks, no step has been taken to vindicate him or the law. A Congress in earnest, as the Long Parliament was, would have refused from the first moment it assembled to attend to any business, even a President's message, until it had vindicated its own law and reinstated Mr. Stanton. Such a Congress would have refused to receive from General Grant any document purporting to come from the War Office. It would have wholly ignored him as War Secretary. Instead of that Congress receives and cooperates with him as War Secretary, and the press seeks to blind the people to the President's usurpation by showing how many dollars Grant has saved by his economy! To be a nation of pedlers, as Napoleon called England, is no shame. But to have your leaders and counsellors believe your souls so truly begot of pennies that any insult or injustice can be covered from your indignation by the saving of dollars, is shame indeed. Congress disgraced the nation enough when it assembled to babble about finance and left Stanton—emblem of its degradation—standing unnoticed at its door. But such neglect was chivalry itself compared with the voice of the Republican press advising us not to worry about Mr. Stanton; for "was not Grant the *cheaper* of the two?"

Cursed be the soul of Benjamin Franklin for persuading this people that the noblest of all human action was the saving of cents.

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

The National Anti-Slavery Standard FOR 1868.

WITH the close of the year many subscriptions for THE STANDARD expire. We hope to enter upon the new year 1868, not only with all such subscriptions renewed, but with large accessions to our present list.

Chattelism has been abolished, but equal freedom for the colored race has not yet been secured. The old controversy has not been definitely ended. It has again passed from the bloody arena of the battle-field to the sphere of politics and diplomacy. The recent elections present a fearful record of unrelenting prejudice against the colored race. They have revived the forlorn hopes and renewed the desperate energies of the discomfited rebels at the South. We had fondly hoped that we were well nigh at the end of the struggle for equal freedom, irrespective of color, but through treachery, and the want of enlightened, conscientious statesmanship we are involved in a conflict of still momentous importance. Many politicians who, during the war, were willing to accept the services and to advocate the enfranchisement of colored men, now as the temptations of the presidential year approach, disgracefully surrender and abandon their cause. So too the popular churches and clergy are relaxing their interest for, and diminishing their co-operation with the freedmen, and excusing themselves on the score of disinclination for "political preaching," they ally themselves as formerly with "Conservatism" and the dominant spirit of prejudice against race.

Under these circumstances it is of the greatest importance to have a thoroughly Radical, independent journal, which, like THE STANDARD, may speak freely and fearlessly for justice and impartial freedom, with nothing to gain or lose by party triumphs or losses. During the past year our circulation has steadily increased with each month. Frequent calls for the paper come to us of late from the South. THE STANDARD now goes regularly each week to Charleston, Mobile, New Orleans, Memphis, Nashville, Richmond and at other points in the South. We have arrangements in progress for its general introduction to the notice of the leading colored men and white Radicals throughout the South the coming year. The importance of an intelligent alliance between uncompromising Radicals at the North and their coadjutors at the South can scarcely be over-estimated in the present condition of national affairs.

WENDELL PHILLIPS will continue as the past year an editorial writer for the columns of THE STANDARD. It will also be the medium through which his lectures and addresses, as revised by himself, will be given to the public. Other able writers will contribute regularly to its columns. We shall continue to present a department of choice literary miscellany, and while chiefly devoted to the consideration of the freedom and well-being of the colored race, our columns will, as hitherto, hospitably entertain the claims of movements of a kindred end and aim, as the rights of women, temperance, education, etc.

The period through which we are now passing is one of the most critical thus far in our national experience. Though the late reverses in the elections may dishearten those whose dependence is upon the Republican party, it should be borne in mind that it has been, and still is, the high prerogative of Abolitionists to create the opinion which makes and unmakes parties in the service of freedom.

We appeal earnestly and confidently therefore to all friends to unite heartily with us in an effort to extend the circulation of THE STANDARD as the emergency of the cause it represents demands.

PREMIUMS.

We offer our friends what we are sure will be esteemed very liberal and welcome compensation for their efforts to add to our subscription list, namely: to old subscribers who renew their subscriptions and send one new subscriber for the year ($6); or to any who will send two new subscribers ($6) we will send either of the following very desirable books:

Wendell Phillips' "Speeches, Lectures and Letters." 562 pages, with steel portrait—price $2.50.

Lydia Maria Child's "Romance of the Republic." 442 pages—price $2.50.

Caroline H. Dall's "College, Market and Court." 498 pages—price $2.50.

ON account of the New Year holiday we go to press a day earlier than usual this week. We are reluctantly compelled to defer the letter of our Philadelphia correspondent, and several communications from other correspondents.

PERSONAL.

The body of a negro, riddled with buckshot, has been found in Dinwiddie co., Virginia.

The only literary society in Ironton, Ohio, is made up of colored people who are too "unintelligent to vote."

Lord and Lady Amberly were passengers on the new Cunard vessel, Russia, which sailed for Liverpool on Christmas day.

Napoleon, THE STANDARD'S city carrier, wishes his friends a happy New Year. He will gladly receive from them any tokens of kindly remembrance which they may be pleased to offer.

The Rev. Edward C. Towne, of Medford, Mass., preached for the Society of Spiritualists, at Masonic Hall in this city, Sunday, the 22d ult.; and again on the 29th ult. His concluding discourse—a discourse of marked ability, and eloquently delivered—was upon "Immortality."

The Rev. Calvin Fairbanks will speak before the Colored Mission School on Adams street (between Johnson and Tillary) Brooklyn, on Thursday evening, Jan. 2, 1868, at 7 1-2 o'clock.

This is a promising work, under the care of the Society of Friends.

Miss Caroline M. Richings, the well-known American *prima donna*, was married at Boston on Christmas Eve to Pierre Bernard, of New York city. The lady is the adopted daughter of the veteran Peter Richings of the old Park Theatre. Mr. Bernard is a member of the Operatic Company of which his wife is the bright star.

Mrs. Ella Davis Rockwood, of Boston, gave her lecture "A Yankee Girl's Thoughts," in the Lyceum Course at Newtown, L. I., on Monday evening, the 23d ult., to a crowded house. We observe that she is announced to lecture at Rondout, N. Y., on the 8th inst. Mrs. Rockwood is speaking three or four times per week the present season. We are gratified to notice that her efforts are, as they deserve to be, warmly commended.

The heaviest woman in Paris, Elizabeth Veromque, has just died. She weighed five hundred and twenty English pounds. It appears that she attained this extraordinary obesity when quite young. A letter of hers, written in May, 1848, to the President, is curious: "Citizen President—I am a fine woman of twenty-seven years of age. I measure five feet eight inches, and weight four hundred pounds. I demand the honor of representing Liberty at the national *fete* which is about to take place. I think no one could be found more suited to do so than me on this solemn occasion." Citizen Marratt, however, rejected her application.

George W. Smalley, in a recent letter from London to the *Tribune*, says:

"Mrs. Lily Maxwell has won something more than fame by her vote at Manchester for Mr. Jacob Bright. She became an object of interest. Investigation showed that she was a green-grocer, doing a small business in a respectable way. Now her small business has become a large one, for the Radicals and their wives made a point of giving and sending custom to this practical demonstrater of woman's rights. A great number of the richest and best people in Manchester have become Mrs. Maxwell's customers, or patrons, I suppose they must be called here. Oddly enough, it turns out that she is not an advocate of woman's rights; did not get herself put on the registry from any theoretical notion that she as a woman ought to vote, but from a very practical notion that Mr. Jacob Bright, whom she greatly admired, ought to be elected."

Mr. Edward Gould Buffum, youngest son of the late Arnold Buffum, died a few days since in Paris. The *Evening Post* says:

"The announcement by cable of the sudden death of this gentleman in Paris, where he has resided for many years as correspondent of the New York *Herald*, will be read by his many friends with sincere sorrow. He was a man of genial manners and warm heart, one in whom the unfortunate always found a friend. To this trait he had a birthright claim, being the youngest son of the late Arnold Buffum, the well-known Quaker philanthropist, and first president of the New England Anti-Slavery Society.

Mr. Buffum had been for many years of his early life in California, whither he went as an officer under Col. Fremont. He was secretary of the California Constitutional Convention, a member of the State Legislature, and, for some years, editor of the *Alta Californian*."

An Italian paper says:

"The body of Enrico Cairoli, one of the bravest of the Garibaldians, who fell at the battle of Mentana, was brought to Pavia, his native town, on the 1st instant. The funeral procession was received by the municipal council, the university authorities, and other distinguished citizens, and the whole town was in mourning for the occasion. An address of condolence was presented to the bereaved mother of Cairoli by a political deputation from Milan, to which she replied, in the spirit of a matron of ancient Sparta, that the lot of a mother who, like herself, had had two sons killed, and a third severely wounded in the cause of Italy, was an enviable one. 'May the blood of my beloved Enrico,' she added, 'and of our other martyrs, not have been shed in vain. The confident belief that better days will soon come for our unhappy country gives me courage to live and support my sorrows, with the help of the devoted affection of my two remaining sons.'"

The secretary of the "National Society for Woman's Suffrage" in Manchester, England, tells the world, through the London *Times*, the story of Mrs. Maxwell, who voted the other day at a parliamentary election. Here it is:

"Will you permit me to say that the Woman's Suffrage Society of Manchester is not responsible for the occurrence of Mrs. Lily Maxwell's name on the register of electors for this city? We do not know how it came there, but finding it on the register, the owner of the name used her vote in accordance with her political opinions.

"Lily Maxwell is a widow, who keeps a small shop in a quiet street in Manchester. She supports herself, and pays her own rates and taxes out of her own earnings. She has no man to influence or be influenced by, and she has very decided political principles, which determined her to vote for Mr. Jacob Bright at the recent election. We are perfectly aware that a legal scrutiny might result in depriving this householder and ratepayer of the privilege of the franchise; but though such a decision might be legal, we are at a loss to perceive how it should be equitable to take away her vote from a person who has proved that she values the privilege, and who fulfils every condition which the law declares essential to its exercise."

A FRIENDLY WORD FROM THE REV. JOHN SAVARY.

HINGHAM CENTRE, Mass., Dec. 28, 1867.

To the Editor of the Standard:

DEAR SIR: I have been reading your "prospectus" for another year, and considering in what way I could make amends for past favors, as well as hope for the continuance of future ones. I know not which is most to be pitied, a reforming minister or an Anti-Slavery editor in these times. If you think "Corbies and clergy are a shot-right kittle," and to be paid in their own coin, I see not why editors may not be as well. Nevertheless, I enclose my subscription, as being ashamed to take what I do not pay for in some fashion. Let me say that I regard THE STANDARD as the best and truest of all papers—the most perfect political chronometer of the time. It comes regular, as a Day of Judgment, once a week. Now and then I've missed it, and felt bad. I felt, if you will allow me to say, like a young friend of mine at the war, who had a large correspondence, and in particular with a young lady among the rest. One day he got an unusually large mail from home, and was complimented by a comrade for having so many letters. But he thrust them rather scornfully into his pocket, after looking them hastily over, and said pettishly, "I hain't got no letters, *the one I want ain't there.*" So, when I look over my lot of papers and don't see THE STANDARD, I say, "I hain't got no paper, the one I want ain't there."

By the way, your prospectus reminds me of an old letter which I just came across—a letter of Robert Burns to a Captain Johnstone, editor of a reforming journal in Edinburgh, in the latter part of the last century. The French Revolution had been in blast for several years, and the common people of England and the adjacent countries were deeply sown with Democratic ideas and agitated with projects of reform. Burns took fire, and sent this letter to the reforming editor, which is so brief that I copy it:

DUMFRIES, Nov. 13, 1792.

SIR: I have just read your prospectus of the Edinburgh *Gazetteer*. If you go on with your paper in the same spirit, it will, beyond all comparison, be the first composition of the kind in Europe. I beg leave to insert my name as a subscriber, and if you have already published any papers, please send me them from the beginning. * * * Go on, sir! Lay bare with undaunted heart and steady hand that horrid mass of corruption called politics and state craft. Dare to draw, in their native colors, those

"Calm, thinking villains, whom no faith can fire,"

whatever be the shibboleth of their pretended party.

I am, sir, your very humble servant,

ROBERT BURNS.

Our Boston Correspondence.

BOSTON, December 30, 1867.

CHRISTMAS-DAY in this city seemed to be both a merry day and a happy one. The population generally appeared to be following the desires of their own hearts, and to take general comfort therein. Many, disregarding the admonition of St. Paul (Gal. iv. 9–11), as they have a perfect right to do, no doubt, in these days of "Free Religion," made a holy day of it, and assembled in their churches and meeting-houses, joining in a ceremonial more elaborate than even their customary weekly one. Probably they had a good time, special arrangement having been made for the gratification of both eye and ear. Their sanctuaries, following the Jewish tradition, were adorned with "the fir-tree, the pine, and the box-tree together," and skilful musicians performed for them the choicest music of the Roman Catholic Church, the best, no doubt, that has ever been performed or composed.

The Puritans, our Pilgrim Fathers, would certainly have made wry faces at all this, could it have been credibly foretold them. They stuck to St. Paul in regard to Christmas, however widely they departed from him in their observance of another day. One who has searched the old records of the infancy of New England tells us that it is set down with a grim satisfaction against the date of the 25th of December following the landing at Plymouth, "so no man rested all that day." Mince-pie, church festivals and athletic sports were alike an abomination to them; and such "muscular Christianity" as was extant among them was the product of hard work, not at all of play.

The word "play" brings me back to my subject. Those who made a *holiday* of Christmas in Boston *certainly* had a good time. The weather for it was perfect, as good of its kind as the "day in June" of which Lowell tells us. What "coasting" for the boys on the Common! The rain of Sunday week on a thick blanket of snow, followed by freezing weather, had glazed in perfection the four paths that descend from Beacon Street across the Common, and on each a steady stream of iron-bound sleds, freighted and officered by boys of every size, was illustrating the ups and downs of life, swiftly gliding down, slowly crawling up—whereof the boys will find other illustrations after they have laid aside their sleds. Then what sleighing, riding, driving, of the young people, in the pure, soft air of that temperate day. On Christmas, as on the 4th of July, every horse in Boston is pre-engaged, and the roads of all the suburbs are thronged. This does not diminish the throng in every place of amusement. Theatres and shows of all sorts reap a rich harvest. And the shops where gift-books and pictures, parian and bronze statuary, jewelry and fancy-goods, furs, gloves and fans, dolls and other toys for the little ones, and fruit and confectionery for all, are sold, were crowded that morning as they had been for some days before, and buyers and sellers alike looked contented.

Our rare luxury, to those who could afford it, was the reading, by Dickens, on Christmas eve, of his own "Christmas Carol," one of the choicest of his works, and perhaps the best of his readings. The Tremont Temple was filled, except that a vacant seat here and there pleasantly told that some rascal of a speculator had been unable to get the extortionate price he demanded. Both reader and audience seemed inspired by the occasion; the fun and the pathos of the Christmas Carol were enjoyed afresh in the highest degree by both, and a prolonged storm of applause, when the piece was finished, recalled Mr. Dickens to the stage to make his acknowledgments.

Your correspondent has never felt, never seen, and never been able to believe in that high moral influence of the theatre, as a whole, which dramatists and actors are accustomed so loudly to vaunt. But he feels sure that the reading of Dickens's writings generally, and the hearing of that richly illustrated verbal version of them which the author now sets forth, must permanently improve, refine and elevate a large proportion of the readers and hearers; and he is happy to belive that the experience of this particular Christmas eve suggested and occasioned the bestowal of many substantial comforts upon the Bob Cratchits and Tiny Tims of Boston; and that many a merchant was "effectually called" to "say a word or two to his clerk," which else would have remained unsaid. Happy man! who can thus benefit those who throng to him for the purpose of being entertained.

To turn from gay to grave, from lively to severe, I may as well tell you what a very large congregation of Baptists and others assembled last evening in the Tremont Temple. The subject was the eulogy, by a Baptist minister, of a famous missionary of the same sect, Rev. Adoniram Judson, combined with a denunciation, in contrast, of Theodore Parker, and the view of religion which he taught. The particular point of inquiry was, of the ideas set forth by those two men, which was most needed by the world, and best adapted to improve it. The method of solving this problem was to enumerate the items of Mr. Parker's theology and religion which the speaker disliked, and the points in Mr. Judson's theology and religion which he liked, and then inquire of the audience which was most satisfactory. Apparently, the speker was so sincerely bigoted as not to suspect that this was not a full and fair view of the case; nay, he probably thought himself absolutely candid, in conceding to Mr. Parker certain good qualities not connected with his theology—as industry, energy, perseverance, etc. And probably the Baptists in his audience really thought he had proved what he undertook to prove. One of the serious accusations made against Mr. Parker was that he did not go as a missionary to the heathen; and no doubt both speaker and hearer actually thought the charge a true one.

Among those points made by the Rev. speaker which were true in fact as well as in intention, was his reference to the formation of the "Free Religious Association" as one of the results of Mr. Parker's labors. This, no doubt, is a correct idea, and the incorrectness of the orator's further statements—that the meeting held in Horticultural Hall, last anniversary-week, was intended to break down Christianity, and that Mr. Parker's lectures and sermons were intended to oppose Christianity—are fairly due, I am persuaded, to the speaker's sectarian and intellectual limitations, rather than to any intention of uttering falsehood.

A revival is now going on in Rev. Dr. Neale's (Baptist) church here, under the supervision of that very skilful manipulator, Rev. A. B. Earle, lately returned from California. He uses his opportunities rather cruelly against the poor children and young persons whom their parents have brought to be subjected to his method of treatment, but he succeeds in getting numbers of them into the church, and he is probably no more unscrupulous as to the means of success than people in other sorts of business. At any rate, he works hard, and gives the audience as much for their money as any actor on the other sort of stage.

The changes which have come over respectable old dwelling-houses in Boston can hardly be exceeded by those in New York. The handsome house built in Temple Place by Col. T. H. Perkins, is now a Savings Bank; that of Abbot Lawrence, in Park street, is now the Union Club House; that of Amos Lawrence on Colonnade Row, is occupied by various government offices; and a dozen (more or less) of Irish families are domiciled in the once handsome house of Daniel Webster, corner of Summer and High streets. Thus passeth the glory of this world.

NORTH.

Our Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 24th, 1867.

THE majority in Congress are remarkable for a "fatal facility" of retrogression. They have continued to illustrate this ever since it has been in session. They begun with trading their courage on adjourning, and end, so far as the record goes, fighting it out on the line of dishonor. It will probably continue at the game until the end of their existence as representatives and senators. The latest exhibition is seen in the adjournment on Friday last for a long holiday. Congressmen are worse than a decent horde of school boys, for the latter are not paid to do their duty, except by a promissory note on the future—which, even then, is more likely to be dishonored than met.

The indecent haste to get away from a plain and simple duty was never more palpably exhibited than by that adjournment. Senator Sumner, who always sees as well as does his whole duty, and hence has become unpopular with his colleagues who but seldom see or do theirs, offered for the second time, at the beginning of this session, a bill to strike the word "white" out of the laws of this district and the charters of the two cities. It passed and was sent to the President. It may not be known that this is the second time the measure has passed through the same process and hands. At that time (the summer session), Congress indulged in its pastime of adjournment before the time for returning the bill expired, and the President had a pleasant game by its permission, of pocket-vetoing the "nigger." The faithful (?) Republicans refused to remain in the seats they are paid to fill long enough to allow a loyal colored man to sit in a jury box in this district.

They have just gone through the same farce, only the consequences may be more costly now. By remaining in session until Monday, the President would have been compelled to send in his veto of the bill he is now allowed to pocket; and what was of more consequence there would have been a loyal pannel enrolled wherefrom to have formed a jury for the second trial of John H. Surratt. This begins, I believe, early in January. As it is, no such jury is likely to be obtained. The result will be a second disagreement. The adjournment of Friday gives Andrew Johnson an opportunity of again insulting his superiors—the faithful and patriotic colored citizens of this district—by pocketing the bill mentioned. When it is again introduced he will a third time be able to vent his spleen, by sending an elaborate veto. But then the pleasure of these gentlemen—their very serene mightinesses, the Republican members of Congress—would have been interfered with if they had remained at their posts until Monday. Of course that would not do.

The last hint from the conservative camp indicates a crafty change of front on the Presidential question. Alarmed at the spirit which is rapidly developing among the Radicals North and South, in and out of Congress, of a determination not to submit to the Grant-no-platform conspiracy, and seeing that it will unless checked, "break all the slates," and beat the various rings—the managers have determined to shift their position. One indication is seen in such articles as appeared in the last *Nation*. Another is in the use made of the recent publication of the "private" Sheridan letter. The change may be indicated by saying that from this time forth the aim will be to make Grant out a Radical, in the hope thereby of gaining some and hurting others of the radicals who are not willing to be sold. When the Convention assembles, if the move I indicate has succeeded, the whole set of conservative gamblers who are trying to get the mastership of the Republican organization, will exert themselves to the uttermost to obtain a conservative Vice-President and as conservative a platform as possible.

ASMODEUS.

DECEMBER 30, 1867.

THE dangers resulting from the adjournment or recess of Congress are vividly illustrated by the present state of affairs in the Southern States, and by the President's last attack on reconstruction. There are not less than two million persons, and probably more, about two-thirds of whom are colored, who are now in danger of actual starvation. Congress having maintained the local mastership of the rebels, by continuing in power the State officers in the unreconstructed communities, and having endorsed Andrew Johnson's conspiracy by failing to impeach him, there is no remedy or aid, so far as the colored people are concerned, to be obtained from either State or National Executives. On the contrary, all testimony received here goes to prove that the friends of Andrew Johnson in the South are doing all that is possible to aggravate the inevitable distress. In Mississippi, South Carolina, and large portions of Georgia, thousands of negroes have been cheated out of the results of the past year's labor, while the ruined planter, declaring that he has no means to work his plantation with during the ensuing year, declines to make contracts. So the freedmen are left without work, and as a consequence without bread. There is bread-stuff enough in the country to feed all, but the inhuman malice of the whites refuses to let the colored people have any. More than all, hundreds of instances are related of heavy rents being demanded for the use of the huts occupied by the former slaves. Not being able to pay, they are driven out from all shelter. Thousands are now shelterless, living in the woods, and dependent upon game and what they steal. Andrew Johnson tells all who call on him, that a "war of races" is imminent: his friends—those who hold the provisional offices and the rebel planters—are trying to make his words good, by a system of cruel persecution and inhuman indifference to crying necessities, while Congress leaves the whole thing in their hands. The negro is peeled, bound, starved, and cursed on all hands. He holds aloft the Radical banner, while the North lets its luminous folds trail in the mire of defeating prejudice. The President proceeds with unfaltering insolence in his work of restoring rebels to control and making the Executive office imperial in its powers and prerogatives, while Congress—charged as were the Roman Dictators of old, "*to see that the Republic suffers no harm*"—goes home for a holiday! The Republican party is like the drunken or drugged crew of a vessel, sailing along a coast where breakers roar and piratical wreckers wait to seize the cargo. The crew is indifferent, and the vessel drifts to its destruction. Nero fiddled, it is said, while Rome burned. Congress dances while the devils of treason plot assassination, and fell famine drives its friends unwillingly into the trap that is set.

Were Congress here, some immediate relief might be given by an appropriation. A most effectual relief, political and eleemosynary, might be furnished by the removal of the present rebel officials from power, so that local modes of relief might be organized for all who are suffering.

The object of the President's last removals is self-evident. Gillem, who is an East Tennessee friend of Johnson, is a more complacent tool than even Ord has been found to be. Gen. McDowell (who is a Radical) cannot arrive here under three months. Arkansas and Mississippi, in which States the "war of races" is to begin, so the Presidential prophet predicts, will thus be in hands fit to conduct the campaign of massacre under directions from the White House.

Gen. Pope was on the point of removing the rebel Governor Jenkins, of Georgia, and others also. This order defeats that beneficent result. Meade will be sure to do nothing of the kind. He will rather do as he desired to do before Gettysburg—retrograde. Meade, it may not be generally known, in a council of war on the first of the memorable days of Gettysburg, proposed to retreat in the direction of Baltimore. This was protested against by Sickles, Howard, Hancock, Warren, Reynolds, and other corps commanders. Sickles began the battle, and so it went through to its peerless conclusion. Meade is of the surrender school of Republicans; so, like Hancock, he will be found a pliable tool. But Congress adjourns. All quiet along the lines, sing these sweet optimists, while the charge is greater than ever before.

ASMODEUS.

LETTER FROM MISS EMILY HOWLAND.

WE are permitted by Miss Holley, to whom it was addressed, to present to our readers the following interesting letter:

ON THE POTOMAC RIVER, Dec. 1, 1867.

MY DEAR FRIEND: The haunting memory of a promise to write you from Virginia disturbs my quiet perusal of the *Atlantic*, though the necessity for the frequent exchanges of the foul air of the ladies' cabin, which I am not permitted to ventilate, for the wintry air outside, is not favorable to the use of the pen. I cannot feel absolved by the difficulty from my promise.

The breadth and beauty of this river remind one of our lakes. For nearly one hundred miles it varies in width from four to ten miles. At this season the flocks of wild ducks are continuous on its surface, skimming, flying or diving. Twice groups of swans have been startled, floating in graceful state on the water, while far above hovered the flapping gulls, or southward flew flocks of wild geese, telling that winter had come.

Our steamer makes slow progress, requiring a day and a half to reach Washington from Heathsville, a distance of one hundred miles. This is partly because of the frequent landings made, though there is not a village nor even a hamlet in view for the entire length of this noble river. The travel is inconsiderable, eked out by contributions for the Washington market, which are gathered at the landings. Yesterday we were an hour taking oysters on board from the boats into which they had just been gathered with long-handled rakes. These with the tiny ox teams, driven with rope lines either attached to a bit or to the horns, sometimes driven by women, bringing the rudest crates filled with poultry, formed an amusing scene quite worthy the photographer. So also were two elderly men with ruddy faces, in fox skin coats, who were not pleased to meet the collector of taxes among their fellow-passengers. The dialogue that followed would furnish a good caricature of any grumbler at taxation. One of them said, two years ago he "had to pay seventy cents tax, last year ninety cents. He should like to know what things were coming to. He had one hundred and fifty acres of land; they might as well take the whole of it first as at last, they'd get it all. He would quit the country, etc. A large portion of our fellow-travellers are colored people. They seem to take peculiar pleasure in proving to themselves their freedom, by indulging in the luxury of going and coming at their own sweet wills.

The recently-elected delegate to the Constitutional Convention of Va., from Northumberland and three ad-

DEFECTIVE ORIGINAL COPY

joining counties, is my fellow-traveller. He goes as far as Washington, thence to Richmond.

Despite threats and efforts to confuse the judgment of the colored men, not one vote of theirs in three counties was cast against the man they knew would be true to justice. Three were given or sold to the adverse party in our county.

The officer representing the Freedmen's Bureau in Northumberland county, as well as a speaker sent by the Republican Congressional Committee, tried all their powers to prove to the colored voters that if they voted for such a Radical their defeat was certain. The beauties of policy and availability were shown in vain. The colored men replied with a wisdom it were well their white brethren should imitate: "We will take defeat with this man, rather than victory with a man we cannot trust," and went bravely to the polls and elected him by a majority of one thousand.

The second term of the school in that region was opened in the new house, large, airy and well lighted, which was built mostly by the colored people, with the exception of two hundred dollars from the government.

Thus by improving their opportunities they are continually demonstrating that they understand the true uses of freedom.

Home, 24th.—I was absent three weeks—witnessed the opening of Congress—saw the renewed ardor with which the disloyal dashed into the arena—spent a delightful week in my parish. The love and joy of my pupils to see me was cheering.

You have done bravely for The Standard. I see that members of Congress value it more and more.

Emily Howland.

Virginia Correspondence.

Richmond, Va., Dec. 27, 1867.

To the Editor of the Standard:

The Virginia Constitutional Convention has followed the example of Congress in adjourning over the holidays. The members seem to understand well the value of continuing as long as possible a paying business, and in that respect bid fair to become not only the equals of members of the National Legislature, but of every other deliberative body on earth except the New York State Constitutional Convention. If the Virginia treasury was as plethoric as that of New York, I have very little doubt our Virginia black Republicans would rival their New York brethren in the work of patient continuance in well-doing.

The body re-assembles on the 2d of January, 1868, and it is expected it will complete its labors by the 1st of March thereafter. If so the Old Dominion will be knocking at the doors of Congress for admission as a State in the American Union, early in May next. It is now difficult to predict the character of the Constitution it will adopt, although I am inclined to believe it will be just, wise, and liberal in its provisions. It certainly will be if the members are not too much influenced in their action by the entreaties of Vice-Presidential aspirants and timid Republican Congressmen, who are less anxious to shun the wrong than to "be too much in the right."

The Conservative Convention holden at this city on the 11th instant was numerously attended, and every portion of the State represented. It was composed of the old politicians and secession leaders who took the State out of the Union, and are responsible for all the mischief and misery brought upon the people the past five or six years. Ex-Senator R. M. T. Hunter, of rebel notoriety; Mr. Stuart, one of Millard Fillmore's cast-off Secretaries, and all the old disunion paralytic fogies that have figured in the muddle of Virginia politics the past twenty-five years and are now possessed of life enough to lisp the word "negro domination," were present and participated in the proceedings of the Convention. There was not one man among all the eight hundred that was ever suspected of any love of the American Union or the possession of any great amount of common sense. The proceedings of that body were as belligerent and ferocious as that of the fire-eating assemblages of 1861, and the resolutions were full of threatening and slaughter, and asserted all the obsolete nonsense and clouded moonshine that has made Virginia politics a by-word and reproach the past thirty years. The negro was threatened with everything terrible in case he should again vote intelligently and as he deemed best calculated to promote the welfare of his race. The only reason why Congress did not come in for a full share of abuse, was because that body has not exhibited manhood enough the past six months to provoke the scorn or excite the fears of blustering secessionists.

The Conservatives have thoroughly organized for the work of defeating the ratification of the Constitution to be adopted by the Convention, and the Radicals will have to work earnestly and effectually to carry the State. I think, however, they will succeed, as Gen. Howard has issued instructions to the agents of the Freedman's Bureau to prevent, if possible, the "infamous" practice of turning freedmen out of employment for voting, and to furnish all such persons with food, employment, and homes. That will encourage the colored men to remain firm, and vote for ratifying their Constitution, regardless of consequences. I have now very little doubt but the colored vote will be fully polled in favor of the new Constitution, and that instrument will be adopted in spite of opposition.

Many persons complain of what they term the enormous cost of keeping up the Freedman's Bureau—especially is that a favorite topic among rebels in the South and copperheads in the North. They charge it with being an aid to negro idleness. They forget that the Bureau saved the white secessionists as well as black Union men from starvation. The number of whites who have received aid from the Bureau exceeds the number of blacks. Gen. Howard informed me that he at one time fed over forty thousand white rebels, and thus saved them from starvation. There has been no time that white men did not receive aid from the Bureau, as well as black men. Still the ungrateful recipients of that bounty are now denouncing the institution that saved them from death, because it also relieves the wants of necessitous negroes. The Bureau ought to be continued until the 1st of September, 1869. Until that time there will be more or less suffering among the poor of the South as well as frauds committed upon negroes. The Presidential election in November, 1868, will cause the rich white secessionists to persecute colored men and resort to measures such as have disgraced the South the present season. It will also require time for the people of the South to adapt themselves to the new order of things. It is hard for the rich land-holders to realize the fact that laborers have some rights they are bound to respect. Until the land-holders learn that under a system of free labor the workman takes his days of recreation as well as the employer, things will not go on smoothly. The negro will need the protection of the Bureau until the Autumn of 1869, and Congress should at once pass an act continuing its existence.

I notice the copperhead press of the North is grumbling over the expense of reconstruction in the insurgent States. In connection with that subject it may be well to call attention to matters in the Old Dominion. After the surrender in the Spring of 1865, horses, mules, wagons, saddles, bridles, harness, guns, and other articles of property were loaned out to the inhabitants, the borrower giving a receipt to the government therefor, agreeing "to return the property on or by the 1st of January, 1866, or a fair valuation therefor." It is estimated that over one and a half millions of dollars worth of property was thus loaned out to the people of Virginia alone. As nearly all the persons who borrowed that property are to-day opposed to reconstruction, persecute colored men for voting in favor of the Congressional plan, and grumble at the cost of that measure, it may be well to gather up that property or pay for it. Much of it has been sold, and justice would seem to demand that persons who make no pretensions to fidelity to the government, and who glory in turning poor men out of employment for supporting the laws of the land, should be made to return to the nation what belongs to it. One and one-half millions of dollars would go far towards paying the costs of Congressional reconstruction, and saving negroes, turned out of employment! from suffering and want the coming Winter.

I notice that many persons North, and even some members of the National Legislature, are talking of the state of quiet and peace existing in the South, and the propriety of very materially reducing the regular army. Peace and quiet as it exists in the North is unknown in the States recently in insurrection. The treacherous policy of President Johnson, the timid, half-hearted measures of Congress, and the fearful lack of moral courage in the leaders of the dominant party of the nation, has kept that section in a state of turmoil and strife, and a military force will be required there for at least ten years to come. The unfortunate effect of the President's policy could be easily overcome were it not for the malignant hate of the Federal government entertained by the wealthy and ruling classes. That hate encourages the desperate and unprincipled men of the country to deeds of violence, and in that way a reign of terror is kept up, making it unsafe in many sections for men friendly to the government to openly express their opinions and vote their honest convictions.

The people of the loyal North do not and cannot truly appreciate the state of affairs existing in the rebellious States the past two or three years. Since the surrender in 1865 over eight thousand loyal white and black men have been wantonly murdered, and no efforts made by the civil authorities to arrest and punish the murderers. For over one year and three-quarters Union men could not remain in their houses and at their homes in safety. That state of affairs went on from bad to worse until the passage of the Military bill last March. That measure checked the deeds of violence and gave the friends of the government an opportunity to organize for their own protection, and to carry the first elections. For a period of some four months it became comparatively safe for Union men not only to remain at home, but to vote their honest convictions. That state of affairs grew out of a belief on the part of the prominent men that Congress was in earnest, and that the loyal masses would sustain Congress. But, unfortunately, Congress has trifled with the question of reconstruction and by timidity lost the confidence of the people. That has encouraged Mr. Johnson in his work of obstruction, and made the disloyal masses of the South as intolerant as they were before the passage of the reconstruction acts. The result is that the work of violence and persecution has broken out afresh, and in many sections we hear of murders and outrage. In Texas and some other sections, government officers are shot down while travelling quietly along the highway, and the assassination of persons appointed to place under the reconstruction acts is too common. The cry of the "Deportation or extermination" of the African race is now heard all over the South, and unless Congress soon adopts prompt and rigid measures, it will be difficult to tell where all this will end. It is stated that thirteen government officers and some thirty soldiers have been murdered in Texas alone within the past month.

Such is the state of affairs South at present. It is easy to see that troops will be necessary to preserve order the next five years. And what is worse than all the rest is the fact that there is danger of the election of a Conservative to the Presidency in 1868. Elect a Conservative and repeal the reconstruction act, and it requires no prophet to predict with truth scenes of bloodshed all over the South such as we have no account of in history. The peace and prosperity of the nation can only be accomplished by the election of a thorough Radical in 1868.

Charles E. Moss.

SHALL WOMEN VOTE?

LECTURE BY LUCY STONE AT THE BROOKLYN ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

Lucy Stone delivered a lecture upon Woman Suffrage in the Brooklyn Academy of Music, on Thursday evening, the 26th ult. Mr. Edward S. Bunker, of the Mansfield Academy, occupied the chair. We are indebted to the Brooklyn *Union* for the following synopsis of the lecture:

When the war of the Revolution was over, our forefathers had learned that political power inhered in the people; and so they wrote it out in words so beautiful and strong that they have been again and again repeated—"Governments derive their just power from the consent of the governed." This was adopted by them as a self-evident truth, and had since been adopted as a self-evident truth. So, then, women came and asked that political power which inhered in them, who are a part of the people, might be recognized as it was recognized in other people. The young man, the minor, was not allowed to vote because he had not arrived at years of discretion. Idiots and lunatics were also excluded from exercising the right of suffrage because they could not vote rationally; and criminals were excluded on just and reasonable grounds. But why are women excluded? If the woman a man married was a fool, the argument told as much against him as against her. That could be no just reason for restraining her from the ballot-box. The greater part of the women were better educated and far more moral than the greater part of men whose right to vote no man questioned. They were loyal. The Republican party, ever since the war, had been advocating the negro's right of suffrage, on the ground of the aid they gave the government in putting down the rebellion; but when the mothers came in long lines—mothers whose sons lay in nameless graves—and asked that they might have a voice in the government whose laws they were required to obey, no matter how loyal they had been, the woman's claims were not recognized. Instead of being recognized, mothers who strengthened the courage of their sons when they went away to the battle-field, who sustained their boys in the field with words of cheer—those mothers, to-day, were politically ranked with madmen and fools. Women were fined, they were imprisoned, they were hanged; and yet not one of them had been granted the right of being tried by a jury of her peers. They were taxed without representation, and they were governed without their consent, in the face of all the fine theories of our government, including the Declaration of Independence. They were frequently told, when they claimed the right of giving their consent to the laws to which they owed obedience, that the doctrine of the consent of the governed was a glittering generality, which had never been consistently followed out. And yet this theory was the golden rule of political justice: the right of a citizen to participate in making the laws was the sole foundation of political morality. Mrs. Stone alluded to the marked change for the better which had taken place in the discussion of the question of female suffrage. Years ago their claims to exercise the franchise had been met with ridicule and sneers, but now it was argued by political parties in sober earnest. But for all this, when they came and asked by means of petitions, which would literally reach miles in length, for the right of suffrage, they found people asking them, with a sort of triumphant air, "What good would it do women to vote?" She always met this with another question, "What good does it do you to vote?" Women needed the ballot because it was the only way in which they could be protected in their rights. To men a vote meant a fair day's wages for a fair day's work. But the disfranchised women in America did not get a fair day's wages for a fair day's work. The ballot was a power capable of extorting what otherwise would not be granted. In the District of Columbia the negroes had been utterly unable, for a number of years, to get their share of the public school money. But when Congress established suffrage for the colored men, in a single week thereafter ten thousand dollars were paid to the colored men, because their oppressors knew perfectly well that, armed with the ballot, the negro had the power to compel the recognition of his rights. And why was it that women were always paid so poorly? Why was it that the women who were compelled to earn their living by labor were at so great a disadvantage with men who did just the same kind of work? It is because the man had a vote and the woman had not. Women wanted the right to vote, because that was the only way in which they could be protected in their rights. But they were told that they were represented already. Both white men and black men told her this. She was always sorry to quote to gentlemen the work of their own hands, but there was no other way of showing the fallacy of this argument. After enlarging at length upon the injustice of the laws in force in almost all the States of the Union, the speaker said the prospects of the friends of equal rights were very hopeful and cheering at the present time. From Maine to Kansas men and women are organizing in earnest efforts to secure the right of suffrage to women. Petitions were sent up every session to the Legislatures of almost every State in the Union, and in almost every State they found that there were many good and earnest men who were willing to lend their aid to help forward the good cause. They found many newspapers now urging female suffrage, and recently in Kansas it had been made a question to be submitted directly to the people whether the word "male" should or should not be inserted in the new constitution. For several weeks the two branches of the Legislature debated as to whether "Shall women vote?" should be placed before the people, and she and the other friends of equal rights watched for the result with the same deep heart-throbs as only the long-imprisoned man felt when he heard the turning of the key in the lock that should give him back God's blessed sunshine and the dear green earth. But when the campaign was over, and every vote was counted, out of a vote of twenty-three thousand they got only seven thousand votes, though of these at least six thousand were the votes of men who would have given their right hands rather than not have cast it for the brave women of Kansas. The majority of the votes given were Republican votes, though many good Democrats also afforded their support to the principle of equal rights. Although this result seemed so saddening and discouraging, she and her associates regarded it as a triumph. For how many votes would have saved Sodom? It was a great many less than they had got in Kansas, and there were enough just men left to save this country yet. Wisconsin, in the same way, had also taken up the question, and it was to be voted upon in that State. She fully believed that the ball set in motion on this question would never stop. What she was sorry for, however, was that men of both parties did not see that the one thing to do now was to establish our government on the principle of the consent of the governed. They knew the Democrats said, "This is a white man's government," and that they put the white man above the negro and the woman; while the Republicans said, "This is a white and a black man's government," thus excluding only the woman. Neither party perceived that the one beautiful thing which should have been done at the close of the war would have been to have built the government anew, and to have reconstructed it on the one sole principle of justice—the consent of the governed. Some, indeed, at one time cried out for impartial suffrage and universal amnesty, but she would have liked them to have come out more decidedly, and to have said, "Let it be actually universal; let the women at the South, black and white, and the women at the North, black and white, all vote alike." She believed if this had been done, all our national questions would have been settled now. And she hoped that no one would be so short-sighted as to expect that in a government based upon the consent of the governed, the admission to the suffrage of eight hundred thousand colored men would heal the troubles of this nation so long as the same sacred rights were denied to millions of persons whose only disqualification was that they were women. Yet, when women asked, demanded that they should vote, they were met by the objection, "Now, don't you think, although this thing was just and right in the abstract, yet if it were ever once practiced we should get into a great deal of trouble by it? Wouldn't it create discord in many homes? Don't you think, if the husband voted and the wife voted, it would sometimes, indeed would often, happen that the wife would give her vote to one party and the husband to another, and so the domestic peace would be broken?" And then they imagined all kinds of fisticuffs betwixt husband and wife on account of this difference of political opinion. She had always believed, however, that the one family peace-maker better than all others would be the ballot, because there was so much power and influence wrapped up in it. She had watched people who were trying to get other people's votes, and had seen them come to the polls, their faces smiling and unobscured by the smallest scowl or frown, and when they saw the man whose vote they wished to catch, they went to him with a manner so bland, and addressed him in tones so agreeable, and made such cordial and earnest inquiries about his wife and children, that she had frequently imagined the two men must be first cousins. And the man whose vote was wanted, delighted by this amiability, could not resist it, for it was so good to be spoken kindly to that he voted perhaps against his own interest and against the principles of his party. Surely they must all see that, at least about election time, the same state of affairs would prevail between husband and wife, if the latter were politically the equal of her husband, and everything in that household would be pleasant and agreeable. But this objection was in no respect true. Men and women often had different religious notions, but they respected that difference and went quietly to their different churches. If on grave questions of conscience this was possible, how much more possible was it when mere political questions were involved? But then there came up from somebody an expressed fear that women would get demoralized if they became voters. It was perfectly wonderful to hear the same politicians in regard to negro suffrage dwell upon the benefits it would bring him, and how it would make a man of him and cultivate his self-respect, and then directly after say, in regard to female suffrage, that if women were given a vote the very thing which is such an excellent thing for the white man, which is such an excellent thing for the black man, would spoil and demoralize her. They depicted her going to the polls among a crowd of profane and vulgar and drunken men, forgetting all the time that these same men have wives and daughters and sisters who are compelled to associate with them every day in the year. How, if a woman were not spoiled or demoralized by such constant association, could she be injured by associating with the same class of men for one short half hour at the polls? Mrs. Stone reviewed the other arguments advanced against female suffrage, that they were already represented, that a majority of women did not want to vote, that women would want offices, and other objections. She concluded by drawing a vivid picture of the better state of things that would exist when women were granted the right to vote, and said that evil would yet befall the nation unless that right were granted.

FROM PENNSYLVANIA.

Factoryville, Wyoming Co., Pa., Dec. 24, 1867.

To the Editor of the Standard:

I think it should be kept more constantly before the people, *that we want for next President, a man who stands square on the record,* as a man of *undoubted loyalty*—not simply "pocket loyalty," because it will "pay better," but because of love for country, and because it is right to be so. We want no man who is only loyal because of expediency or popularity. We have been cursed enough with these time-serving politicians—this monied ring, this clubbing in together, this "you help me this time with your friends and money, and I'll help you next time."

We want no man who will go in for giving the best paying offices to his political enemies, or enemies of the government, for the purpose of conciliating them, leaving his friends to look out for themselves. We have had too much of that already. Had Abraham Lincoln kept none but good loyal men in places of trust, we might have been saved thousands of lives and millions of money. His first acts on coming into the Presidential chair were to choose a cabinet more than half disloyal, and place generals in command more than two-thirds so, in order to refute the cry that he was an Abolitionist. Any nick-name applied to some men because they are in the right, or that they fear may be applied to them, has great terrors for them, and they will do almost anything to escape having the opprobrious name given them. I call that a "lack of back-bone," and this lack has had to be paid pretty dearly for within the last few years, and I fear we may have to pay more yet for it. Again, we want no man whose civil, military, or religious "*superior*" is a citizen or potentate of any other country; nor do we want any allegiance due from our President to any Pope, Cardinal, Prince, or Bishop of this or any other country.

We want a man who is not a rum-sucker, a whiskey-guzzler, or a wine-bibber. We want no man whose family, men, women and children, are all drunkards. We want the White House kept somewhere near pure. We want a man whose only question, when any course of policy is proposed, will be, "Is it right?" If so, follow it; if not, ignore it. We want a man quick to see and bold to execute the right. Such men I think we would have in Ben. Wade as President, and Phil. Sheridan as Vice-President. If anybody knows anything to the contrary, let them bring the proof. Both these are statesmen of the "first water," tried and true in patriotism and loyalty. Both are Radical Republicans, believing "treason to be a crime," and "that traitors should be punished." *Believing* so, no doubt would punish the traitors.

Both are friends to the soldiers, and believe with the Declaration of Independence, "All men are created free and equal, with certain inalienable rights, among which are the right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," "And to worship God after the dictates of their own consciences." With either of these at the helm of the Ship of State I think we might be safe.

W. J. Whitney.

[We allow our correspondent to make his Presidential nomination upon his own responsibility.—Ed.]

LITERARY.

The Way of Wisdom: Tracts for Parents, and the Youth of Both Sexes. First Series, Nos. I, II and III. New York: Clark Orvis, publisher, No. 119 Nassau st; Fowler & Wells, 389 Broadway.

"Unto the pure all things are pure." This is universally acknowledged to be true; and yet a great majority of parents and educators refrain from imparting to the young people a knowledge which they need, under the false notion that to do so would involve a departure from decency. The result is, that the information thus denied is eagerly but covertly sought by those to whom it is denied, and is obtained mostly through improper and vicious channels, but always more or less defective, distorted, and tainted in character. A subject which can be, and ought to be discussed in natural freedom, simplicity, and purity, becomes invested with an artificial atmosphere of restraint, mystery, and obscenity; whereby the curiosity is excited, the imagination grows disordered, and the passions become corrupted.

The result is, that many young persons become addicted to horrible and unnatural vices, which impair usefulness, create misery, and destroy health and life, to an immense extent.

How, in a delicate and yet clearly intelligible manner, to convey warning and guiding ideas to the young on matters thus wrongfully ignored toward them by their guides and instructors, is a problem of vast importance to mankind. Various good authorities have suggested the method of circulating tracts among parents, to call their attention to this duty, coupled with other tracts for children about to grow into manhood and womanhood, setting forth in a fearless but chaste way, *their duty to themselves.*

An earnest and able effort in this direction has been made by Clark Orvis, 119 Nassau street, New York. He publishes three little pamphlets, very neatly printed and bound: "The Way of Wisdom, Number One, for the Youth of Both Sexes"—price, by mail, 20 cents;" "The Way of Wisdom, Number Two, for Girls and Young Women"—price, by mail, 15 cents; and, "To Parents: An Introduction to the Way of Wisdom," which accompanies the others, gratis. These tracts are sold also—we understand—by Fowler & Wells, office of the *Phrenological Journal,* 389 Broadway, New-York.

We are convinced that one of the best services we can render to the rising generation is, to promote endeavors like that which prompted these truly excellent publications. Hence, we call on every person having an interest in the care of children, to procure, peruse and digest the three tracts. Some very *old* persons may still learn wisdom from them.

Abyssinia and its People. London.

The following details of information respecting Theodore (formerly called Kassa), king of Abyssinia, rest on the authority of M. Le Jean, lately French Consul at Gondar, and are taken from a book just published in London, called "Abyssinia and its People."

Theodore's Appearance and Character.—He is 49 years of age, middle height, of imposing presence, and of an open and sympathetic cast of countenance. His features, less regular than those of Abyssinians generally, are expressive and mobile, and have nothing of that borrowed dignity which usually stamps the countenances of Orientals with an air of solemn insignificance. His glance is quick and piercing, while the hard lines of his profile plainly indicate the inflexible will by which he has bent to the yoke the necks of the freest and least tractable people of the East.

Argumentative and even logical in debate, his thoughts are frequently conveyed in language the most eloquent; other resources failing, however, he is somewhat prone to resort to an *argumentum ad hominem,* which seldom fails gaining the end he has in view. For example—In Gondar there resided a number of merchants who entertained a very subtle difference from the Church respecting the nature of Christ. When Theodore heard of it, he ordered them immediately into his presence. "Do you acknowledge the Abouna?" (the Bishop) he asked. "Certainly," they all replied. "Then in that case, my children," responded the king, "you are rebels if you think differently from the Abouna, who is the head of the Church, and from me, who am the temporal protector. Abjure your errors at once, or the public executioner shall exercise the functions of his office." At that moment the executioner, armed with his heavy sword, made his appearance. The unfortunate victims urged that they had been taken by surprise, and requested three days to think the matter over. "Good," answered the king, "you shall have the time you ask for. Let these men," he added, turning to his guard, "be kept without food or drink, and in three days bring them again before me." By the evening of the second day there was not one of the party who did not profess to hold identical opinions on the nature of Christ with those of the king and Abouna.

Theodore's Treachery.—Of the little reliance which can be placed on the honor of Theodore, M. Le Jean adduces the following instance:

Negousié, the rebel chief, had long harassed the king by making incursions into the country, rapidly retreating towards the mountains, laden with spoil, at the approach of the royal army. At length, in January, 1861, Theodore so hemmed his rival in that his retreat was impossible. On the evening preceding the day of the battle, the voice of a herald was heard proclaiming aloud from a neighboring height—"Thus speaks the Djan-hoï:—I pardon all those who will this night quit the camp of Negousié, and I assign them three places of refuge; the church of Axum, that of Adowa, and my own camp. As to those whom I shall to-morrow find under arms, let them expect no mercy." At dawn of day scarcely twenty followers remained to Negousié; these were all killed except the chief and his brother, who were taken alive. When brought before Theodore, he promised them their life and liberty if they would return to their allegiance; but the next day he ordered their right hands and left feet to be severed from their bodies, and by a refinement of cruelty refused them a drop of water to assuage their thirst. Both brothers died under the fearful operation. As for the other insurgents who, in accordance with the king's proclamation, sought sanctuary in the church, the greater number were ruthlessly dragged out and executed. It was on this occasion, when Theodore had thus vigorously crushed out sedition from his empire, he made a speech to the assembled clergy in answer to an address from them, in which he used these words: "I have made an agreement with God. He has promised not to come down upon the earth to smite me, and I on my part, have promised not to ascend to heaven to molest Him there."

Another prominent feature in the character of Theodore is the uncertainty of his temper, and the suspicion with which he regards all the actions of Europeans . . . . . He expressed great dissatisfaction that the letters from England were not written by Her Majesty in person. "Who is this Russell?" he continually asked of Cameron. "Cannot your queen write to her brother Theodore herself?"

"I know," said Theodore to M. Le Jean, "the tactics of European governments. When they wish to take possession of an Eastern territory, they first of all send missionaries, then consuls to strengthen the missionaries, and finally battalions to back up the consuls. I am not a Rajah of Hindostan to be bamboozled in that manner. I prefer to deal with the battalions first."

RECEIVED.

Morning-Glories. By L. M. Alcott. 195 pages. Illustrated. Boston: Horace B. Fuller.

Life and Works of Horace Mann. Reports on Education. Edited by Mrs. Mary Mann. 758 pages. Boston: Horace B. Fuller.

A Stellar Key to the Summer Land. By Andrew Jackson Davis. 202 pages. Boston: William White & Co.

The Huguenot Family. By Sarah Tytler. 399 pages. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Claudia. By Amanda M. Douglass. 381 pages. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

Golden Truths. 243 pages. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

Seek and Find; or The Adventures of a Smart Boy. By Oliver Optic. 304 pages. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

The Uncommercial Traveller, and Additional Christmas Stories. By Charles Dickens. With Illustrations by S. Eytinge, Jr. 382 pages. Diamond Edition. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

Child Pictures from Dickens. With Illustrations by S. Eytinge, Jr. 241 pages. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

The Well-Spent Hour. By Eliza Lee Follen. 203 pages. Boston: Horace B. Fuller.

Joseph in the Snow. Translated from the German of Berthold Auerbach. Illustrated. 196 pages. Boston: Horace B. Fuller.

Tommy Hickup; or A Pair of Black Eyes. By Rosa Abbott. 254 pages. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

The Atlantic, Monthly, for January. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

Harper's Monthly, for January. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Our Young Folks, for January. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

The Herald of Health, for January. New York: Miller, Wood & Co.

The American Phrenological Journal, for January. New York: Fowler & Wells.

Every Saturday. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

Littell's Living Age. Boston: Littell & Gay.

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Miscellaneous Department.

THE ALPINE SHEPHED.

BY MARIA LOWELL.

WHEN on my ear your loss was knelled,
And tender sympathy upburst,
A little spring from memory welled
Which once had quenched my bitter thirst;

And I was fain to bear to you
A portion of its mild relief,
That it might be as cooling dew
To steal some fever from your grief.

After our child's untroubled breath
Up to the father took its way,
And on our home the shade of death
Like a long twilight haunting lay,

And friends came round with us to weep
The little spirit's swift remove—
This story of the Alpine sheep
Was told to us by one we love.

They, in the valley's sheltering care,
Soon crop the meadow's tender prime,
And when the sod grows brown and bare,
The shepherd strives to make them climb

To any shelves of pasture green
That hang along the mountain side,
Where grass and flowers together lean,
And down through mists the sunbeams glide.

But nought can lure the timid things
The steep and rugged path to try;
Though sweet the shepherd calls and sings,
And seared below the pastures lie—

Till in his arms their lambs he takes,
Along the dizzy verge to go,
When, heedless of the rifts and breaks,
They follow on o'er rocks and snow.

And in those pastures lifted fair,
More dewy soft than lowland mead,
The shepherd drops his tender care,
And sheep and lambs together feed.

This parable, by nature breathed,
Blew on me as the south wind free,
O'er frozen brooks that float unsheathed
From icy thraldom to the sea.

A blissful vision through the night
Would all my happy senses sway,
Of the good shepherd on the height,
Or climbing up the starry way,

Holding our little lamb asleep—
And like the burden of the sea
Sounded that voice along the deep,
Saying, "Arise, and follow me!"

FOR THE STANDARD.

ABOUT OUR "GUMS."

LET us dig down to the roots of our "gums" if we would know whence they come. To get there, we must go back to the Tower of Babel and welcome Mr. Noah and Mrs. Niloiga (according to Jean Ingelow) and family—just returned from a sea-voyage, and preparing to *build*.

According to the records, we find the building enterprise suddenly interrupted by the confusion of tongues, which confusion seems to have extended itself into tongues and idioms innumerable, until we find even native Americans of two adjacent States or even countries using such diverse idioms as almost to constitute separate languages.

Thus New England talks about its "hasty-pudding," while the Buckeyes call it "mush." Boston sells "cotton cloth." New York sells "muslin." New York wears "over-shoes." Philadelphia wears "gums."

So if Boston read the beginning of this chapter, and looked for a dental dissertation, he may consider the scene as shifted, and may fancy himself sitting under an umbrageous rubber tree in Brazil.

The Rubber tree has never yet been cultivated, and it is hoped that if the supply ever ceases to be spontaneous, Nature, ever provident, will reveal new resources—a la Petroleum, *et cetera*.

The gum is obtained by tapping the tree, just as the maple sap is secured. The natives of Brazil catch and prepare it for market by dipping it, tallow-candle fashion, thus ensuring a perfectly pure article, whose price varies with the market supply. Present price—eighty cents per pound.

The *India* gum is allowed by the less enterprising natives to exude upon the ground, and of course it becomes defiled with sticks and stones, and so commands a lower price.

The Central American gums are also much less pure than those of Brazil, and so are less costly.

Having now, in fancy, stood in the shadows of crumbling Babel, of "India's coral strand," and of Brazil's gigantic forests, let us proceed, *via* New York, the centre of elastic importation and elastic consciences, to the quaint old town of Bristol, once the capital of Rhode Island, but now chiefly noticeable as the headquarters of the National Rubber Company, whose benefits extend to almost all parts of Christendom, and who, even in this time of general business stagnation, are working thirteen hours per diem in order to supply us with our "gums," Arctic gaiters, and the thousand and one other useful and ornamented articles into which science transforms this wonderful natural product.

Under the courteous escort of Mr. Williams—the resident agent—let us enter the washing-room, where the uncouth-looking masses of Indian and Central American gum are cleansed. From thence they pass to the drying-room, and from that to the grinding and mixing mills, where the grand vulcanizing agent, *sulphur*, is introduced; and also the adulterating agents, lead, zinc, chalk and litharge. The mixture then passes, in the form of huge dough-cakes, big enough for Dr. Holmes's Dorchester giants, to the kneading machines, where it is crushed between heavy iron cylinders, eighteen or twenty inches in diameter, and from thence it goes to the cutter, to be shaped for Philadelphia's "gums."

The pieces which are to form the boots and shoes are passed along to girls, who shape them very deftly over wooden lasts, and prepare them for varnishing and baking. In a rubber man's boot, or a man's rubber boot (as you like it) there are sixty-four pieces, and it takes two days to complete it. Grumble not, then, at the cost, nor count it useless when worn out, for you may sell it to "anny auld boot" man, and the National Rubber Company will give it back to you in the form of a door-mat, which may save you many a curtain lecture upon muddy boots. But when you sell it, don't fill it with cloth gaiters and old nails, as the manner of some is.

But I must return to the bakery where I left my "gums." Here Dante's inscription will occur to you, for the moderate heat of two hundred and sixty degrees is required for cooking, and it is here that the sulphur comes in and prevents the gum from melting. In this one agent, sulphur, lies the wonderful secret of Charles Goodyear's discovery, by which a purely vegetable substance is almost transformed into a mineral.

The rubber cloth which is used for coats, for air-pillows, for piano and table-covers, and for countless other purposes, is made by passing cotton cloth and masses of gum, prepared as already described, between heavy, steam-heated rollers. If it is to remain simply rubber-cloth, it must be dusted with best wheat flour, to render it non-adhesive. If it is to become a beautiful brightly-tinted piano or table cover, it must be dusted with flocking, or pulverized wool, imported from France for this express purpose.

Besides the articles already enumerated, the Company are constantly manufacturing large quantities of belting, engine packing and hose of every practical size and even in the elastic bands which are so popular, nay, so indispensable to the accountant, the stationer, the banker and the broker, the amount of rubber annually consumed is marvellous.

Even in the manufacture of the rings which serve to seal fruit jars, as many as fifteen thousand pounds of rubber per annum have been consumed.

Think of this, good housewife, when you open your next jar of nice fresh peaches, and tell me, if you can, what we could do without "our gums."

M. S. C.

HOW CHROMOS ARE MADE.

CHROMO-LITHOGRAPHY is the art of printing pictures from stone, in colors. The most difficult branch of it—which is now generally implied when chromos are spoken of—is the art of reproducing oil paintings. When a chromo is made by a competent hand, it presents an exact couterpart of the original painting, with the delicate gradations of tints and shades, and with much of the spirit and tone of a production of the brush and pallet.

To understand how chromos are made, the art of lithography must first be briefly explained. The stone used in lithographing is a species of limestone found in Bavaria, and is wrought into thick slabs with finely-polished surface. The drawing is made upon the slab with a sort of colored soap, which adheres to the stone, and enters into a chemical combination with it after the application of certain acids and gums. When the drawing is complete, the slab is put on the press, and carefully dampened with a sponge. The oil color (or ink) is then applied with a common printer's roller. Of course, the parts of the slab which contain no drawing, being wet, resist the ink; while the drawing itself, being oily, repels the water, but retains the color applied. It is thus that, without a raised surface or incision—as in common printing, wood-cuts, and steel engravings—lithography produces printed drawings from a perfectly smooth stone.

In a chromo, the first proof is a light ground-tint, covering nearly all the surface. It has only a faint, shadowy resemblance to the completed picture. It is in fact rather a shadow than an outline. The next proof, from the second stone, contains all the shades of another color. This process is repeated again and again and again; occasionally as often as thirty times. We saw one proof, in a visit to Mr. Prang's establishment—a group of cattle—that had passed through the press twelve times; and it still bore a greater resemblance to a spoiled colored photograph than to the charming picture which it subsequently became. The number of impressions, however, does not necessarily indicate the number of colors in a painting, because the colors and tints are greatly multiplied by combinations created in the process of printing one over another. In twenty-five impressions, it is sometimes necessary and possible to produce a hundred distinct shades.

The last impression is made by an engraved stone, which produces that resemblance to canvas noticeable in all of Mr. Prang's finer specimens. English and German chromos, as a rule, do not attempt to give this delicate final touch, although it would seem to be essential in order to make a perfect imitation of a painting.

The paper used is white, heavy "plate paper," of the best quality, which has to pass through a heavy press, sheet by sheet, before its surface is fit to receive an impression.

The process thus briefly explained, we need hardly add, requires equally great skill and judgment at every stage. A single error is instantly detected by the practised eye in the finished specimen. The production of a chromo, if it is at all complicated, requires several months—sometimes several years—of careful preparation. The mere drawing of the different and entirely-detached parts on so many different stones is of itself a work that requires an amount of labor and a degree of skill, which, to a person unfamiliar with the process, would appear incredible. Still more difficult, and needing still greater skill, is the process of coloring. This demands a knowledge which artists have hitherto almost exclusively monopolized, and, in addition to it, the practical familiarity of a printer with mechanical details. "Drying" and "registering" are as important branches of the art of making chromos as drawing and coloring. On proper registering, for example, the entire possibility of producing a picture at every stage of its progress depends. "Registering" is that part of a pressman's work which consists in so arranging the paper in the press, that it shall receive the impression on exactly the same spot of every sheet. In book work, each page must be exactly opposite the page printed on the other side of the sheet, in order that the impression, if on thin paper, may not "show through." In newspaper work this is of less importance, and often is not attended to with any special care. But in chromo-lithography the difference of a hair's-breadth would spoil a picture; for it would hopelessly mix up the colors.

After the chromo has passed through the press, it is embossed and varnished, and then put up for the market. These final processes are for the purpose of breaking the glossy light, and of softening the hard outlines which the picture receives from the stone, which imparts to it the resemblance of a painting on canvas.

Mr. Prang began his business in the humblest way, but has rapidly increased his establishment, until he now employs fifty workmen—nearly all of them artists and artisans of the most skilful class—and is preparing to move into a larger building at Roxbury. He uses eighteen presses; and his sales are enormous. His catalogue now embraces a large number of Album Cards, about seventy sets of twelve in each set; a beautiful series of illuminated "Beatitudes" and "Scriptural Mottoes;" an endless list of our great men, and of men not so great after all; of juveniles, notably, a profusely illustrated edition of "Old Mother Hubbard" and of half chromos and chromos proper. Tait's "Chickens," "Ducklings," and "Quails" were the first chromos that met an instant and wide recognition. Nineteen thousand copies of the "Chickens" alone were sold. Bricher's "Early Autumn on Esopus Creek" is one of the best chromos ever made on a small scale. The "Bullfinch" and the "Linnet" (after Cruikshank) are admirable. There are other chromos which are less successful, and one or two that are not successful at all; but they are nearly all excellent copies of the originals with which the defects must be charged.

The chromos of Bricher's paintings are really wonderfully accurate.

Mr. Prang's masterpiece, however, is not yet published, although it is nearly ready for the market. It entirely surpasses all his previous efforts. It is Correggio's "Magdalena," and can hardly fail, we think, to command a quick sale and hearty recognition.

Like every modern discovery, chromo-lithography has its partisans and detractors—those who claim for it perhaps impossible capabilities, and those who regard it as a mere handicraft, which no skill can ever elevate into the dignity of an art. We do not care to enter into these disputes. Whether an art or a handicraft, chromo-lithography certainly *re*-produces charming little pictures vastly superior to any colored plates that we have had before; and it is, at least, clearly entitled to be regarded as a means of educating the popular taste, and thereby raising the national ideal of art.

A correspondent, looking at chromos from this point of view, thus indicates (it may be somewhat enthusiastically) their possible influence on the culture of the people:

"What the discovery of the art of printing did for the mental growth of the people, the art of chromo-lithography seems destined to accomplish for their æsthetic culture. Before types were first made, scholars and the wealthier classes had ample opportunities for study; for even when Bibles were chained in churches, and copies of the Scriptures (then aptly so styled) were worth a herd of cattle, there were large libraries accessible to the aristocracy of rank and mind. But they were guarded against the masses by the double doors of privilege and ignorance. A book possessed no attractions for the man who could not read the alphabet; and, *because* they were rare and hard to get at, he had no incitement to master their mysteries. Made cheap and common, the meanest peasant, in the course of a few generations, found solace for his griefs in the pages of the greatest authors of his times and of all time. Mental culture became possible for whole nations; and democracy, with its illimitable blessings, gradually grew up under the little shadow the first 'printer's proof.'

"Until within a quite recent period, art has been feudal in its associations. Galleries of priceless paintings, indeed, there have always been in certain favored cities and countries; but to the people, as a whole, they have been equally inaccessible and unappreciated, because no previous training had taught the community *how* to prize them. It was like Harvard College without the district school—a planet without satellites, and too far removed from the world of the people for its light to shine in the cottage and in the homes of the masses.

"Now, chromo-lithography, although still in its infancy, promises to diffuse not a love of art merely among the people at large, but to disseminate the choicest masterpieces of art itself. It is art republicanized and naturalized in America. Its attempts hitherto have been comparatively unambitious; but it was not Homer and Plato that were first honored by the printing-press. It was dreary catechisms of dreary creeds. So will it be with this new art. As the popular taste improves, the subjects will be worthier of an art which seeks to give back to mankind what has hitherto been confined to the few."—*Boston Daily Advertiser.*

THE SOUL'S PROPHECY.

ALL before us lies the way;
Give the past unto the wind;
All before us is the day,
Night and darkness are behind.

Eden with its angels bold,
Love and flowers and coolest sea,
Is less an ancient story told
Than a glowing prophecy.

In the spirit's perfect air,
In the passions tame and kind,
Innocence from selfish care,
The real Eden we shall find.

When the soul to sin hath died,
True and beautiful and sound,
Then all earth is sanctified,
Upsprings paradise around.

From the spirit-land afar
All disturbing force shall flee;
Stir, nor toil, nor hope shall mar
Its immortal unity.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

THE FALLACIES OF HISTORY.

THE romance of history is getting terribly battered by the truth. Niebuhr, and Arnold following him, blew away a score of the pleasant fables of early Roman tradition. Mr. Gould, an English antiquarian scholar, performs what he calls "the painful duty" of relieving history of the figure of William Tell, by telling us that the story is a universal tradition in many countries, and dates from a Norse hero of the eleventh century. Arnold Von Winkelried will probably follow; and what is to become of Leonidas? Homer is already a very ghostly and evanescent personage; and Shakespeare is fighting for his life. Does anybody feel very sure that the young George Washington told his father that he did not dare to tell a lie?

Bancroft lays an unsparing hand, in his last volume, upon many of our Revolutionary laurels; and now an accomplished historical scholar, Mr. Charles Deane, of Massachusetts, has relentlessly plucked the delicate story of Pocahontas and Captain Smith from our annals, and cast it away as a sheer fabrication. Yet, as Mr. Adams remarks in his admirable summary of Mr. Deane's labors, in the *North American Review* for January of this year, "No American needs to be told that this tale of Pocahontas is probably the most romantic episode in the whole history of his country."

"Is it not enough," asks some Virginian journal, "that the ruthless Yankee has devastated our fields and ruined our homes and slain our children? Must he also despoil the tomb? Will he not rest until he has rifled our very history of its choicest traditions, and stolen the brightest jewels of our romance?" What Vandal is this, who will not spare even the monuments of a sylvan and shadowy realm? What fierce iconoclast, who gleefully shatters the statues of a poetic humanity?

It does seem hard that so many pretty stories are trampled out of existence by truth. Is there any harm in believing that the wolf suckled Romulus? Why shouldn't Wellington have cried: "Up, guards, and at them?" Alas! there is no conceivable reason—but he did not. If in extraordinary circumstances people would only say extraordinary things, it would wonderfully illuminate history. But whoever has been one of the victims who are offered "after the removal of the cloth" at public dinners to the unappeasable desire of hearing speeches, will remember how sadly he reflected afterward, in the contemplative seclusion of bed, what he might have said, but what did not occur to him. All the happy hits—the touches of wit, of pathos, of poetry, every thing appropriate and striking that should have been said and was not—these marshal themselves in charming order and torture the orator, who derides himself to sleep. If we could only have a volume of the occasional speeches that were never made! It would match that of the memorable sayings that were never uttered.

But what the individual orator can not do upon small occasions the public does upon great. Feeling that at certain moments certain epigrams should have been uttered or heroic acts performed, it quietly assumes that they were, and the general instinct is so fully satisfied that it accepts the report without investigation, and from a mere sense of propriety. And these are the very parts of history which appeal most to the imagination. They are culled for the books of children. They inspire the painters. The poets sing them. The philosophers reason upon them. Noble theories start from them, and are supported by them—like palaces built upon sunset clouds, and buttressed by moonshine. Sometimes the traditions are pure invention; sometimes they are simply mythical; sometimes they are the result of what might be called an extreme possibility, as in the case of the alleged phrase of Wellington's. It seems to have been easier to say it than not. His action, his feeling, the whole spirit of the act said it, and impress it as actually said upon the imagination, although it failed to get into words at the time. It is in this way that some of the speeches in Thucydides are real, although they were never spoken.—*George William Curtis.*

CHARLES LAMB AT HOME.

THE following charming little sketch of Elia at home is from Barry Cornwall's memoir of Charles Lamb, published in this country by Messrs. Roberts Brothers:

When my thoughts turn backward, as they sometimes do, to those days, I see my dear old friends again,—"in my mind's eye, Horatio;" with his outstretched hand and his grave sweet smile of welcome. It was always in a room of moderate size, comfortably but plainly furnished, that he lived. An old mahogany table was opened out in the middle of the room, round which, and near the walls were old high backed chairs, (such as our grandfathers used), and a long plain bookcase completely filled with old books. These were his ragged veterans. In one of his letters he says, "My rooms are luxurious, one for prints, one for books; a summer and winter parlor." They, however, were not otherwise decorated. I do not remember to have seen a flower or an image in them. He had not been educated into expensive tastes. His extravagances were confined to books. These were all chosen by himself, all old, and all in "admirable disorder;" yet he could lay his hand on any volume in a moment. "You never saw," he writes, "a bookcase in more true harmony with the contents than what I have nailed up in my room. Though new it has more aptitude for growing old than you shall often see; as one sometimes gets a friend in the middle of life who becomes an old friend in a short time."

Here Charles Lamb sat when at home, always near the table. At the opposite side was his sister engaged in some domestic work, knitting or sewing, or poring over a modern novel. "Bridget in some things is behind her years." In fact, although she was ten years older than her brother, she had more sympathy with modern books and with youthful fancies than he had. She wore a neat cap, of the fashion of her youth; an old-fashioned dress. Her face was pale and somewhat square; but very placid; with gray, intelligent eyes. She was very mild in her manner to strangers; and to her brother gentle and tender, always. She had often an upward look of peculiar meaning, when directed towards him; as though to give him assurance that all was well with her. His affection for her was somewhat less on the surface, but always present. There was great gratitude intermingled with it. "In the days of weakling infancy," he writes, "I was her tender charge, as I have been her care in foolish manhood since." Then he adds, pathetically; "I wish I could throw into a heap the remainder of our joint existences, that we might share them in equal division."

Lamb himself was always dressed in black. "I take it," he says, "to be the proper costume of an author." When this was once objected to, at a wedding, he pleaded the raven's apology in the fable, that he "had no other." His clothes were entirely black; and he wore long black gaiters, up to the knees. His head was bent forward, like one who had been reading; and, if not standing or walking, he generally had in his hand an old book, a pinch of snuff, or, later in the evening, a pipe. He stammered a little, pleasantly, just enough to prevent his making speeches; just enough to make you listen eagerly for his words, always full of meaning or charged with a jest; or referring (but this was rare) to some line or passage from one of the old Elizabethan writers, which was always ushered in with a smile of tender reverence. When he read aloud it was with a slight tone, which I used to think he had caught from Coleridge; Coleridge's recitation, however, rising to a chant.

* * * * * * *

There was an utter want of parade in everything about him and his home. The only ornaments on his walls were a few engravings in black frames: One after Leonardo da Vinci, one after Titian, and four I think by Hogarth, about whom he has written so well.

WHAT ARE METEORS?

A LETTER from Prof. Loomis, of Yale College, to the editors of the New York *Post*, presents the meteoric theory more intelligibly than we have elsewhere seen it stated. We copy as follows:

As an unusual interest in this subject appears to have been excited, some of your readers may wish an answer to the questions, What are shooting stars? and, How do we account for their periodical display in unusual numbers? Shooting stars may, without much impropriety, be called little comets. Each meteor is a small body, generally of little density, revolving about the sun in an elliptic orbit, and governed by the same laws as the larger planets Jupiter and Saturn. The average number of these bodies which encounter the earth every day is several millions, and still there is no perceptible decrease from year to year. The total number of these bodies, therefore, belonging to our solar system, must be reckoned by millions of millions. The earth in its motion about the sun, with a velocity of nineteen miles per second, is continually encountering more or less of these bodies, and they plunge into our atmosphere with velocities varying from ten to forty miles per second, by which means heat is developed sufficient to ignite them, and they are entirely consumed, generally in a single second, and at an elevation of about fifty miles above the earth's surface. Occasionally we encounter bodies of greater density, which cannot be so readily consumed, and they reach the earth's surface, sometimes entire, and at other times in a fragmentary condition. Samples of such meteors are to be found in all large mineralogical collections of this country and Europe.

The periodical display of shooting stars in unusual numbers indicates that they are not distributed uniformly throughout the solar system, but are collected in vast numbers in certain regions, while in other regions there are comparatively few. Shooting stars are usually seen in great numbers on the 10th of August; and since each meteor is moving in its orbit with great velocity, while every year we find large numbers of them near the same point of the earth's orbit, we conclude that they are arranged in a ring or zone, intersecting the earth's orbit at a point which the earth passes on the 10th of August.

In order to explain the recurrence of an unusual number of shooting stars year after year, about the 13th of November, we suppose that there is another ring of these minute bodies, somewhat inclined to the ecliptic. Throughout the different portions of this ring the meteors are distributed in very unequal numbers; but there is one portion where the number is immensely great; and it is this portion which the earth encounters at intervals of about thirty-three years. According to Prof. H. A. Newton, the reason that this display returns only once in thirty-three years is the following: Each meteor of the November group moves in an orbit which is nearly circular, with a mean distance from the sun either greater or less than one year. The earth encountered the densest portion of this group in November 1833; but the next year this portion passed eleven days before or after the earth returned to that point of its orbit; the following year the difference amounted to twenty-two days; so that at the end of about thirty-three years it must gain or lose one entire revolution, and return nearly to the position where it must encounter the earth. If we receive no accounts of an unusual display of meteors this week in any part of the world, we shall look with considerable confidence for such a display on November 14, 1867.

GREATNESS OF LITTLE THINGS.

THE smallest thing thou canst accomplish well,
The smallest ill. 'Tis only little things
Make up the present day, make up all days,
Make up thy life. Do thou not therefore wait,
Keeping thy wisdom and thy honesty,
Till great things come with trumpet-heraldings!
To each direct thy undivided nature,
Thy whole heart, mind, and soul, all love and truth.
The stamp which thou hast set on each, thou seest,
It shall one day come back to thee again,
As old coins come, each from its several age,
Bearing thy image, and make glad thy heart!
So does the sun on every smallest flower
Bend his whole energy,—a little while
Earth lends it all her force, for a brief space,
And each rewards her care with beauteous bloom!
And so she conquers, day by day, the year.
He who has only gained the day, has gained
The battle! Do thou gain the moments, man!
For when thou hast subdued unto thyself
Each moment, thou hast won the whole of life!
Hast made the whole of life a beauteous thing!
Made time's enormous burden light to thee!
So, chip by chip, the child bears off a tree!
Life is not heavy to the ever-good!
To him alone who is but seldom good
Or only often good, is all a snarl,
As to the weaver who has dropped asleep!
Life is so light when man is always good!

—*From the German of Leopold Schefer.*

RIGORS OF AUSTRIAN DISCIPLINE.—In 1854 I had a terrible example of the military discipline of Austria. Owing to the state of war, the frontier was then guarded by Croats. I dined every day with the Austrian officers at the little village of Orsowo, on the banks of the Danube. One day I expressed a desire to see the place on the other side of the Danube, where Kossuth had buried the crown of St. Stephen, of Hungary, when the army fled into Turkey; the place had been discovered, the crown disinterred; but I wanted to see the singular tomb.

Col. P. promised to go with me the next day on the other side of the bridge which separated us from the enemy. That same evening as I was taking my walk, I said to myself, suppose I go now. I passed the body guard, and proceeded to the bridge, and had nearly reached the opposite side, when I heard a report, and at the same time three or four balls whistled past me. I stopped. Several Croats rushed upon me, muttering something which I could not understand, and led me to my friend, the Colonel. He looked at me exasperated. Sir, said he, what were you doing on the bridge?

I went to visit the tomb.

Enough! Without a permit? And the sentinel did not arrest you at the entrance of the bridge?

A sergeant answered in German, "We were dining with the body-guard."

"Ah! Is this so? And all that time spies could be going and coming—how many were you?"

"Four men and myself," said the sergeant.

"You shall all be shot!"

The Colonel went to the window, called the guard of the opposite tent, and gave the men into custody.

The next day the men were shot in spite of my appeals to the Colonel on my knees, for pardon for those unfortunate men of whose death I was unwillingly the cause.

The Colonel was inflexible. When those five Croats, pierced by shots, had fallen, the Colonel, who regretted his soldiers and seemed to forget our friendly relations, said:

"And now, sir, leave the territory in two hours, or I shall have you arrested as a spy!"

"But, Colonel—"

He looked at me, and with a terrible voice, said: "Upon my honor, sir, I swear it."

A quarter of an hour afterward I left Orsowo. Five years after, I saw among the list of officers killed at Magenta, the Colonel's name—*Courrier des Etats Unis.*

DEVELOPMENT IN WRITING MATERIALS.—The earliest mode of writing was on bricks, tiles, oyster-shells, stone, ivory, barks, and leaves of trees; and from the latter the term "leaves of a book" is probably derived. Copper and brass plates were very early in use; and a bill of feoffment on copper was some years since discovered in India, bearing date one hundred years B. C. Leather was also used, as well as wooden tablets. Then the papyrus came into vogue, and about the eighth century the papyrus was superseded by parchment. Paper, however, is of great antiquity, especially amongst the Chinese; but the first paper-mill in England was built in 1588 by a German, at Dartford, in Kent. Nevertheless, it was nearly a century and a half—namely, in 1713—before Thomas Watkins, a stationer, brought paper-making to anything like perfection. The first approach to a pen was the stylus, a kind of iron bodkin; but the Romans forbade its use on account of its frequent and even fatal use in quarrels, and then it was made of bone. Subsequently, reeds, pointed and split, like pens in the present day, were used; and whatever may be said of our pens and paper on the score of convenience, it is clear from early records that the inks of the ancients were greatly superior to our own.

WEEPING BY STEAM.—A singular discovery has just been made in Milan. In one of the faubourgs of that city was a statue of St. Madeleine, which from time immemorial had miraculously poured its tears on Infidels and heretics. After the success of the Italian revolution it wept copiously. It happened that the venerated monument needed repairs, and it was necessary to remove the statue. What was the surprise of the workmen to find that it contained a little reservoir of water, which was heated by means of a furnace concealed in the base! The water, in evaporating, rose to the head of the statue, where it condensed and reached to two little tubes of the eyes, when it escaped and ran drop by drop over the cheeks.

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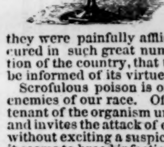
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